THE BOOKMAN

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

We give below a passage from the verbatim stenographic report of a lecture delivered in the department of English Literature at Harvard University on March 1st, the Professor's subject being the poetry of Edmund Spenser. We abstain from spoiling its literary and psychological effect by writing even a single word of comment.

"Personally I do not like Spenser, and Milton is to me excessively unpleasant; Milton is trying to be a Puritan and an artist at the same time, and the two things do not and cannot coincide. A conscious moral purpose ruins any effort for artistic effect.

"To my thinking 'Comus' isn't in it with the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' A fellow like Milton, that has bored me with 'Paradise Lost' and 'Samson Agonistes,' I have absolutely no use for. When I read Milton, as I have to, I read him for study, not for enjoyment. I feel that Milton is rhetoric just as Spenser is rhetoric. Take 'L'Allegro,' 'Comus,' etc.; these are rhetoric—jolly good rhetoric some parts of them. I should guess that 'Lycidas' and some few of Milton's sonnets were some of the most spontaneous things he ever did. He certainly wasn't spontaneous in 'Samson Agonistes,' although he spoke out with a certain resonant bang. No one can be spontaneous who constructs a Greek tragedy on the plan of a Hebrew story."

❀

We would respectfully suggest to the *New York World* that if the paragraphs which appear in this department of THE BOOKMAN are good enough to quote, they are also good enough to entitle us to receive credit for them.

❀

Here are three delightful anecdotes, all of them strictly true, that cast a somewhat lurid light upon the literary culture of East, West, and South respectively. The scene of the first is laid in Providence, Rhode Island, where a young lady was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and after glancing at it the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman.

"I want a copy of Scott's *Emulsion*," said she casually.

"Scott's what?" said the clerk.

"Scott's *Emulsion*," replied the maiden.

"Oh, yes," was the answer. "Well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

❀

The scene of the second occurrence is in a thriving city of the West, where a Southern littérateur of distinction had just delivered a long and critical lecture on Matthew Arnold to a fashionable audience. A friend of the lecturer, while passing out of the hall, overheard the following conversation between two ladies:

"That was a pretty good lecture, on the whole; but who was this Matthew Arnold, anyway?"

"Oh, *I* don't know. I haven't time to keep up with all these new Southern writers!"

❀

The last incident occurred in a university town in one of the Southern States. A reading club had been organised, each member of which was required to prepare a paper on some designated literary masterpiece. One member, an Episcopal clergyman, was asked to take for his subject Sir Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Immediately after the meeting he sought the study of a literary friend.

"What is this *Morte d'Arthur* that they've given me?" he queried anxiously. "Of course I've always known that Mallory edits *The Churchman*, but I never heard before that he'd written a book!"

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The recent death of Thomas Hughes leads us to mention an interesting fact that is known to but few living persons. Mr. Hughes was once commissioned to write the life of Peter Cooper, soon after the latter's death. The book was written and the manuscript sent to Mr. Cooper's family, who, after reading it, locked it up and never let it see the light. Why? Because Hughes, with all his genuine democratic simplicity of character and feeling, was an Englishman, an Englishman of the public school and university type, and to such a man a career like Peter Cooper's, so natural to an American, was utterly incomprehensible. Hughes looked at Mr. Cooper precisely as he would have looked at an Englishman who had risen from the ranks, whereas the difference in the two cases is simply abysmal. But Mr. Hughes, with his unconscious prejudices, his bias inherited from generations of English conservatives, simply could not see this difference at all, and so his book, if published, would have done honour neither to Mr. Cooper nor to him. Therefore the family very wisely suppressed it, and though they have the manuscript, it will never see the light; and an authorised life of Mr. Cooper was written by Mrs. Carter in 1889.

❀

What on earth possessed Rudyard Kipling to write and actually allow to be published the bicycle poem that appeared over his name in a recent issue of a Sunday newspaper? It was vulgar. It was dreary. It was dull. The intensity of our admiration for Mr. Kipling's other work is the measure of our disgust with such a prostitution of his name. Doubtless he received for this poor drivel a large sum of money; but if he puts forth many more such bits of doggerel, the market value of his writing will sink to that of any conscienceless literary hack. Mr. Kipling should take the advice that we gave him a year ago, and return to India and drink once more at the source of his original inspiration. It is positively appalling to think of this brilliant genius descending to such cheap fun as can be derived from incongruous wallowings in Pennsylvania Dutch.

❀

Mr. Kipling will spend the summer in England, and if he finds the weather endurable, will probably winter there also. During a recent visit to New York he made some shrewd remarks about the comparative points of view of the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the American.

"The Englishman," said Mr. Kipling, "will die for liberty, but he doesn't care a straw for equality. The Frenchman, on the other hand, doesn't really know what liberty means, but he must have equality. As for the American, he is indifferent to both liberty and equality, and goes in heart and soul for fraternity. This is really the bane of the American nation; so long as a man is a 'good fellow' he can do anything and people will approve, or, at least, will tolerate it."

There is really a considerable amount of profound truth in these few sentences.

❀

The Harpers will presently begin the publication of a Contemporary Essayists' Series, the first volumes of which will be contributed by Mr. Howells, Mr. Brander Matthews, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner.

❀

There is surely something sanguinary in the suggestiveness of the word "red" to the makers of titles—at least one is inclined to think so by its frequent usage of late. We have *The Red Spell*, *The Red Republic*, *The Red Cockade*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *Red Men and White*, *Under the Red Robe*, *Round the Red Lamp*, and we understand that the title of Mr. Clinton Ross's new novel, *The Scarlet Coat*, was originally *The Red Coat*. All these stories, with the exception of Dr. Doyle's book, are fighting stories, and even this has to do with "blood."

❀

Mr. Louis Becke, a new Australian writer in fiction, who has been hailed as the lineal successor of Henry Melville, is a rising author to be reckoned with. The Messrs. Lippincott published recently a new volume of his South Sea stories entitled *The Ebbing of the Tide*, and Messrs. Macmillan and Company have just issued a "hitherto unpublished narrative of certain remarkable adventures compiled from the papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines," entitled *A First Fleet Family*, which Mr. Becke has written in collaboration with Walter Jeffery, and which was recently

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finished in the pages of the *Illustrated London News.*

❀

The attention of professors of rhetoric and other critical persons is hereby called to the following extract from an editorial in the *Evening Post* of April 11th. Viewed from the standpoint of English style, it is probably the worst sentence ever written down and deliberately published by an educated man since our language took on its present form :

"Tocqueville and Bryce might perhaps think proper to pass it by—though neither of them could have been long in the United States without coming into contact with it—as not political, but that dozens of avowedly social observers, travellers not merely in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard, where genuine American institutions are often sadly hidden by a European veneer, but in the West and Southwest, where, in the monotony of existence, until comparatively recent times, a change in the local form of the spittoon was enough to arouse the traveller's interest, should have overlooked it, or at any rate failed to make a study of it, is a strange fact.

❀

The Rev. Frank Sewall, whose translation of Carducci's poems was published about two years ago, has in preparation a translation of the poems of the remarkable peasant woman of Germany, Johanna Ambrosius, whose volume has just gone into its sixteenth edition. He has also in hand a translation of the French poet, Jose-Marie de Herédia's *Les Trophies*, a book which, before it was even published, won the author's admission into the Academy. Mr. Sewall expects to have these two volumes ready by the end of the summer.

❀

In pursuance of our remarks in these columns in the February BOOKMAN on "the young person who wants to write," Mr. Coulson Kernahan, the author of *A Dead Man's Diary* and *God and the Ant*, offers some very pertinent advice on the subject. This has especial reference to a common detail in the life of every editor, and presents the most tedious side of his professional experience. The advice is so practical and pointed that we print it in the hope that some of our "rejected" contributors will profit by it.

"Don't waste your own and other people's time, not to speak of postage, by sending articles to the magazines upon such subjects as 'The Influence of Books,' for unless the fact that you are a heaven-born genius leaks out in your very letter, the odds are twenty to one that your paper will come back unread. Mind, I am not counselling that you should strain after what is unconventional. He is indeed a great writer who can write greatly upon a hackneyed subject, and I never weary of hearing Emerson or Lamb discourse upon every-day matters. But unless you are a Charles Lamb or a Ralph Waldo Emerson you will do well—at all events until the merit of your work is becoming recognised—to select subjects with some promise of freshness. I don't mean that I would have you take up the last craze or fad, for I hate the faddist and craze-monger right heartily. But no one who has not been connected with magazines and with editorial work would believe how many articles are sent in to an editor which he knows, without looking at them, he cannot accept. I was in the office of a big monthly the other day, and the editor showed me three articles upon Carlyle which he had received that morning. 'It would be sheer waste of time my looking at them,' he said. 'Quite enough—perhaps too much—has been written about Carlyle since his death. The subject has already been exploited for all it is worth, and the public is pretty nigh sick of it. I did glance at one paper, and saw that it seemed an honest piece of writing, but I can't take it. If it had been an article about Henry Kingsley now I could have used it, as the recent reissue of his works has aroused public interest afresh. And here's another article about Stanley's exploration in Africa. I don't want *that*. My readers don't care to hear any more about Stanley until he does some other big thing. But here's a paper—brightly written, too—upon the various expeditions which have been sent out from time to time to try to discover the North Pole. It's a pretty ancient subject, but the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition has given an edge to the public interest, and I'm going to use that at the first opportunity.'

❀

He concludes his advice to the young literary aspirant thus :

"I am no lover of what is called 'modernity' and up-to-date cocksureness, but it is just as easy to do sound and sterling work upon subjects which are likely to seem fresh and timely to the editorial eye as to spend your strength in writing articles which no magazine is likely to take. And the young man who wants to write cannot afford to ignore the magazines. They may, and do, publish a good deal of rubbish, and they have over and over again rejected manuscripts of merit, but that they have in the past afforded numberless young men who wanted to write an excellent introduction to literature, and that they are to-day the best possible means of bringing the work of new writers to the notice of editors and of the reading public, cannot be denied."

❀

We congratulate the Hon. Whitelaw Reid on the smashing blow he lately gave to the cranky advocates of "fonetik refawrm."

❀

Mr. Quiller-Couch is at present writing a new short novel somewhat similar in style and treatment to his *Ia*, lately

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published by the Messrs. Scribner. The title may possibly be *Ion*.

❀

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company announce a story of Nantucket life entitled *The Victory of Ezry Gardner*, by a new writer, and a book by William H. Rideing, editor of the *Youth's Companion*, on *Gladstone at Hawarden and Other Papers*.

❀

It was observed of *The Crowning of Candace*, by Miss Katharine Pearson Woods, while it was appearing in the columns of the *Churchman* at the beginning of the year, that no other American author recalled so forcibly the manner of Charlotte M. Yonge. The story is so intense and real that it reads like a transcript from life. The character of Candace, in her charming and complex personality, is quite a modern study. The story will be published immediately in Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company's Feather Library.

❀

Among the recently disinterred manuscripts of Charlotte Brontë has been found a fairy tale, entitled *The Adventures of Edwin and and Alembert*. It is a curious and remarkable anticipation of Mr. Ruskin's *The King of the Golden River*. Mr. Ruskin has read the story, and pronounces it finer than his own.

❀

One of the most interesting contributions to Brontë literature that have been made in a long time will be found on another page, together with numerous portraits and other illustrations, some of which have never before been published. It may be interesting to know that the Rev. A. B. Nicholls, the husband of Charlotte Brontë, and Miss Ellen Nussey, her most intimate friend, have expressed warm approval of Mr. Shorter's article. Mr. Shorter's forthcoming book is to be entitled *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, and among many interesting new items there will be a diary by Emily Brontë. Emily Brontë, with her sister Anne, wrote on a certain day a long description of their feelings and their situation. They agreed that the record should be opened four years after, and that they should then compare how far their anticipations had been realised. This was done, and they agreed to repeat the experiment. Emily Brontë wrote at the close of this second diary: "Where shall I be four years hence?" Four years later she was upon her death-bed.

❀

Reference was made in these columns last month to Lady Eastlake, *née* Elizabeth Rigby of *Quarterly* notoriety, which convicts her of penning the unpardonable surmise that "the author of *Jane Eyre*, if a woman, must be one who for some sufficient reason had long forfeited the society of her sex." Her recently published *Letters and Journals* suggests that it was a much finer and rarer accomplishment for a woman to write in the forties than it is now in these *fin-de-siècle* days. And the appearance of an abridged and charmingly illustrated edition of *Sir Charles Grandison* in two volumes reminds us that the first great literary exponent of the feminine consciousness in modern literature was Richardson. There is a charming scene at the beginning of *Sir Charles Grandison*, in which the heroine, a country beauty who has come up to town for the season, writes to her people at home, whom she persists in styling "the venerable circle," an account of a discussion as to the proper limits of feminine education, in which she has modestly ventured to plead for modern languages and a smattering of science and history, though quite agreeing that no woman of a well-constituted mind ought to wish to learn Latin.

❀

But while Jane Austen was fearfully keeping her writing a secret a sort of reaction set in. Talent, however mediocre in women, began to meet with admiration and gained a firmer footing for her as her welcome became warmer. Still there was something of the same feeling in the jealous attitude of the world toward women of literary aspirations, so tersely expressed by Dr. Johnson with regard to the public ministry of women. "Sir," said he, "a woman's preaching is like a dog standing on its hind legs. It is not well done, but you are surprised that it is done at all." The women writers of to-day may at least congratulate themselves in this, that their work is judged on its own merits, without reference to what may or may not *a priori* be expected from their sex. On the other hand, the attitude of the woman as woman has become, for good or for evil, one of the most pronounced features of our present-day literature.

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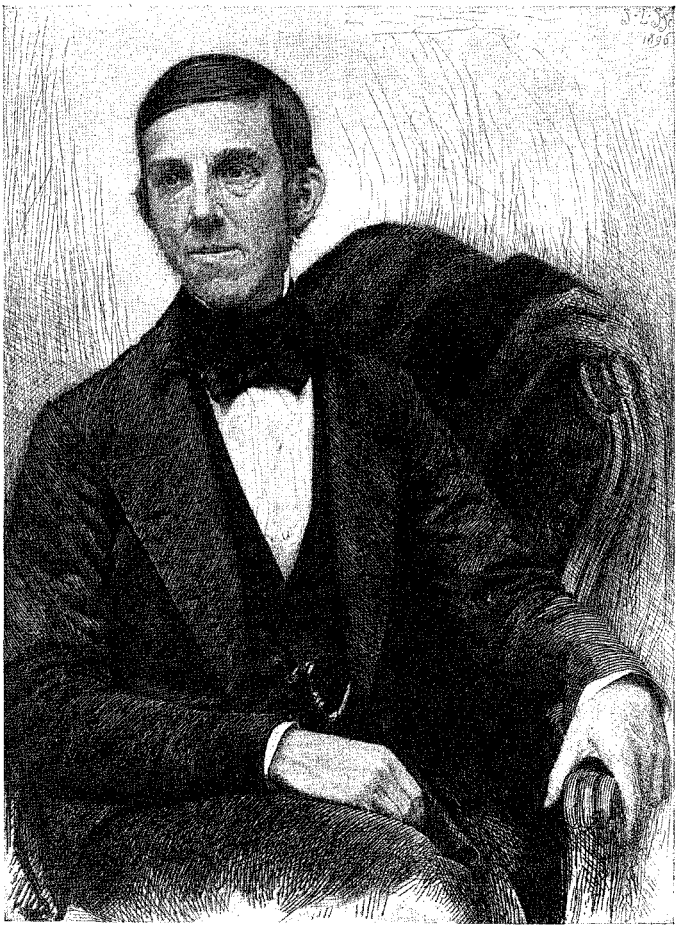
Some ladies were holding forth vigorously on one occasion when the poet Whittier was present on the innate cruelty of boys. The case looked pretty hopeless for the Boy, when Mr. Whittier, fidgeting nervously, broke in on the tirade: "I don't think boys intend to be cruel. I remember once when I was a boy that a company of us found a turtle in the woods. We played with it in all sorts of ways, and finally drew down a long, lithe sapling, and enjoyed the sight hilariously as we let it fly up in the air with the turtle suspended from the bough. In playing we forgot all about it, and left it there. Two weeks afterwards I was in the woods again and found the turtle still hanging in his awkward position, and alive. Oh, how sorry I felt about it! We didn't mean to be cruel, it was mere thoughtlessness." "Ah!" spoke up one of the ladies, "how many of your comrades would have felt as you did unless they had been put in the turtle's place." This raised a laugh, but somehow the incident infused more charity among the ladies for the Boy.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES IN 1850.

❀

The book of the month is deservedly Mr. Morse's *Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, which appears as we go to press. We shall publish in our next number a lengthy review of this very well-written and valuable work. We are permitted by the publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, to reproduce one of the most interesting portraits in the new biography.

❀

The Messrs. Putnam have in the press a story of adventure by Mr. Robert Cameron Rogers, entitled *Will o' the Wasp*, a sea yarn of the War of 1812. Mr. Rogers, it will be remembered, is the author of a volume of verse entitled *The Wind in the Clearing*, which appeared about a year ago, and was widely noticed at the time as the work of a strong and promising young writer.

❀

We understand that Miss Gertrude Smith's *Arabella and Araminta Stories* has received flattering attention abroad, and that a writer in Italy has solicited the rights of translation for that country.

❀

We present herewith a portrait of Mr. William Lindsey, for whom Messrs. Copeland and Day have in press a collection of athletic stories, to be published some time in the summer under the title of *Cinder-Path Tales*. Mr. Lindsey is an accomplished, all-round

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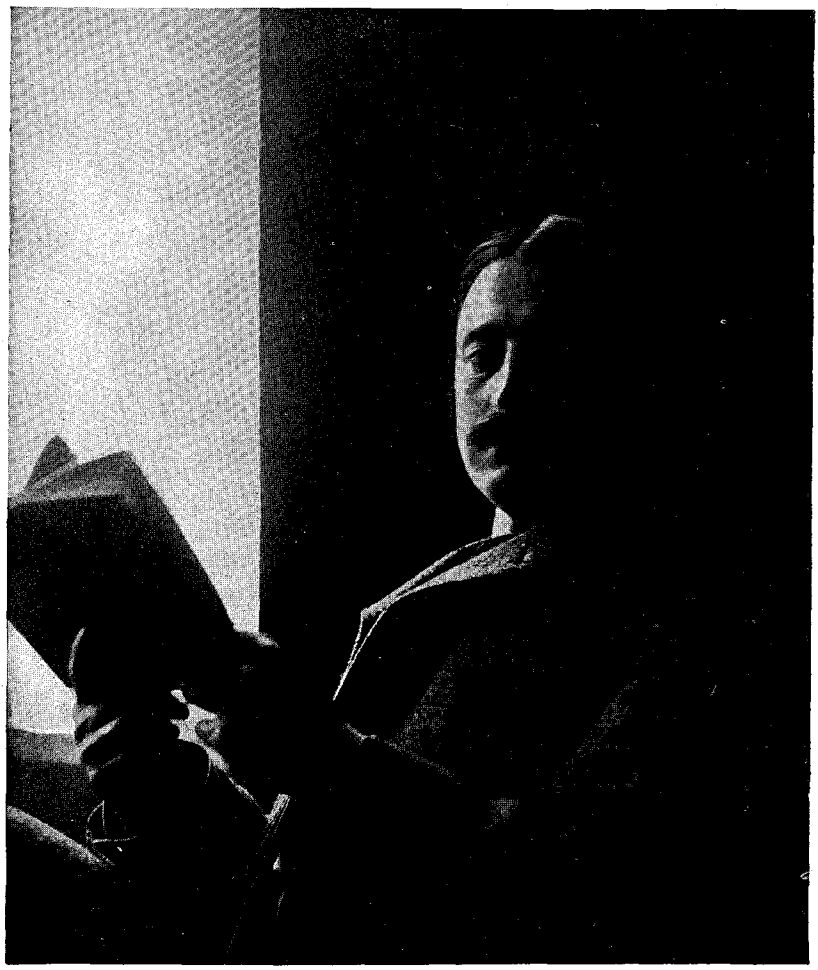

WILLIAM LINDSEY.

athlete and the first man in the Boston Athletic Association cricket team. His prose style is said to have quite as much individuality as that of his verse, which has received so much commendation in the form given it by his publishers last autumn as *The Apples of Istakhar*.

❀

The photograph from which the reproduction is made, by the way, is taken by Mr. Day, whose only recreation from book-making is found in doing photographs from life. Although the greater part of Mr. Day's work cannot be called portraiture, he has occasionally made most interesting studies in that direction, among which, perhaps, the one of Mr. Lindsey is less satisfactory than some of Miss Guiney and Miss Alice Brown. Mr. Day s photographs have won him high commendation abroad as well as at home, and his recent election to membership in the London Salon is an honour conferred upon few Americans.

❀

Miss Fiona Macleod's new book will be published by Messrs. Patrick Geddes and Colleagues early in May. It will consist of two divisions, namely, Legendary Moralities, of semi-Christian, semi-pagan character, and "Seanachas," or Barbaric Tales. Among the former are "The Three Marvels of Hy," dealing with the life of St. Columba in Hy (Iona), and the "Shadow Seers," dealing with second-sight episodes. She has a new novel also in the hands of Messrs. Constable and Company, to be called

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Green Fire. Miss Macleod will be remembered as the author of three recent notable books of fiction in Celtic literature—*The Mountain Lovers*, *Pharais*, and *The Sin Eaters and Other Stories*.

❀

The only change which has been made in transferring the business of Messrs. Stone and Kimball to New York, is that the *Chap-Book* will be no longer published with this firm's imprint, but by the new firm which Mr. Stone, after selling out to Mr. Kimball, has added to the list of Chicago publishers under the name H. S. Stone and Company. Mr. Kimball makes a good showing at the outset in New York, having published over a dozen new books during the month.

❀

We understand that the artist of the striking cover design of *Earth's Enigmas*, reproduced in these columns in our last number, is a young Nova Scotian girl, Miss Jean Carré, and that it is her first attempt at this kind of work. She is an art student at the Metropolitan League and a pupil of Mowbray's, and a niece of the Canadian senator, the Hon. Clarence Primrose. Her success at the art school, where she has far outstripped all who began work with her, has been very rapid, and her friends are confident that she has a career before her.

❀

Mr. H. G. Wells is a comparatively new addition to the ranks of those who live by imaginative writing. Mr. J. M. Barrie was, all unconsciously, his mentor, for it was by following the suggestions contained in *When a Man's Single* that Mr. Wells secured a footing as a writer of "middle articles," contributing first to the London *Globe*, and then chiefly to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and to the *St. James's Gazette*. His work attracted the marked attention of Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson, and through him he came under the influence of that vigorous stimulant of seedling authors, Mr. W. E. Henley, to whom *The Time Machine* is dedicated, and to whose buoyant good opinion its completion is largely due. This ingenious romance, published by the Messrs. Holt in America, has had a very friendly reception in England, where it met with a sale of over 6000 copies within a few weeks. Messrs. Macmillan and Company recently published a humorous satire by him entitled *The Wonderful Visit*, which also won instantaneous success in England. Another imaginative work of his will have been published by Messrs. Stone and Kimball before this meets the eye of the reader. It is called *The*

H. G. WELLS.

Island of Doctor Moreau, and deals grotesquely with some of the possibilities of vivisection, and presents certain novel and exceedingly unpleasant monsters to the reader's imagination.

❀

Mr. Wells is twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Bromley, in Kent, where his education began. He studied science, chiefly Zoölogy and Geology, at the Royal College of Science, and took the degree of B.Sc. in the University of London with honours in both these subjects. He organised and for several years conducted the biology teaching for the London Science and Medical degrees in the University Tutorial College, a successful private coaching establishment in Red Lion Square. But for the accident of a violent hemorrhage from the lungs, he might still be engaged in educational work; but his illness

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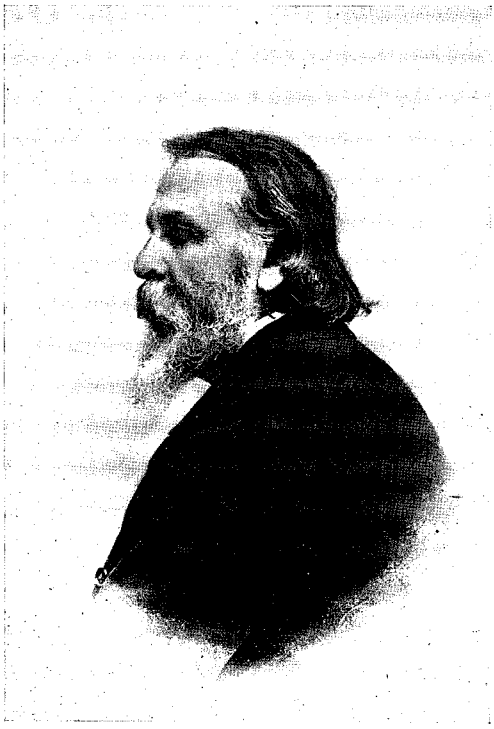

FÉLIX GRAS.

rendered a more sedentary occupation imperative, and he turned to journalism, which has proved a really very good thing for him—and for us.

❀

The Reds of the Midi, an episode of the French Revolution, should not be lost sight of among the books of the hour. It is a remarkable piece of literature, a masterpiece of its kind, and a story of thrilling interest. On another page we print a review of the book, and herewith reproduce a portrait of the Provençal author, Félix Gras. There is a charming introduction by Mr. Thomas A. Janvier.

❀

Mr. Gilbert Parker, whose *Seats of the Mighty* has now been published in book-form by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company after appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly*, was born in 1861 in Canada, where his father, an artillery officer, had settled some years before. He grew up in the Dominion, and for a time held a Lectureship at Trinity College, Toronto. Ill-health made him travel to Australia, where he took to journalism. In 1890 he went to England, and has since won a notable place among present-day writers of romantic fiction by his short stories of *Pierre and his People*, and by his longer romances, *Mrs. Falchion*, *The Translation of a Savage*, *The Trail of the Sword*, *The Trespasser*, and *When Valmond Came to Pontiac*. *An Adventurer of the North*, being further tales of Pierre and his people, also just issued by Messrs. Stone and Kimball, concludes these delightful records, in which Mr. Parker proves himself a Canadian Bret Harte *minus* the humour, but *plus* a certain spiritual distinction. Pretty Pierre is a Northern counterpart of Jack Hamlin, with more pathos and less *diablerie*. Mr. Parker's stories are full of the mysterious spell of the great Northwest. Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company have in preparation a new novel by him with the fine-sounding title *The Pomp of the Lavilettes*. This firm has acquired both the serial and book rights of the novel.

❀

Some of the older readers must have been pleasantly surprised when Mr. F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale) broke a long silence with his novel entitled *Pirate Gold*, which began to appear in the *At-*

GILBERT PARKER.

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lantic Monthly a few months ago, and which is now published in book form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. The elements of freshness and piquancy are as evident in this last book as in his earlier ones, and will do much to revive Mr. Stimson's previous popularity. Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company will also publish at once a new novel by Mr. Stimson, entitled *King Noanett*, which relates to life in Devonshire and the early settlement of the American colonies, upon which he has been engaged during the last five years. Expectation is running high on Mr. Stimson's novel, as it has been pronounced by several eminent critics an epoch-making book. It is written in the manner of the old style romance, and is said to have a flavour of *Lorna Doone*. It will contain twelve full-page illustrations by Henry Sandham.

❀

Mr. Ernest McGaffey desires us to correct a typographical error, by which THE BOOKMAN made his birthplace London, Ontario, instead of London, Ohio. Mr. McGaffey is a good American as well as a good poet.

❀

The Messrs. Harper will publish early in July a new volume by Mr. Brander Matthews, with the title *Stories of Phantasy and Fact.*

❀

Mr. James Lane Allen has bought back the rights of *John Gray* from the J. B. Lippincott Company, which was published by this firm some years ago, and will reissue it, after reconstructing and rewriting the whole, through the Messrs. Macmillan in the autumn. Mr. Allen's new story, *Summer in Arcady*, which appeared serially as *Butterflies* in the *Cosmopolitan*, is reviewed on another page.

❀

We give below a portrait of Mr. Clive Holland, the author of *My Japanese Wife* and *The Lure of Fame.* The latter novel has just been published by the New Amsterdam Book Company and is noticed on another page.

❀

Mr. George Bernard Shaw, the "G. B. S." of the *Saturday Review*, is one of the most interesting men in London. Per-

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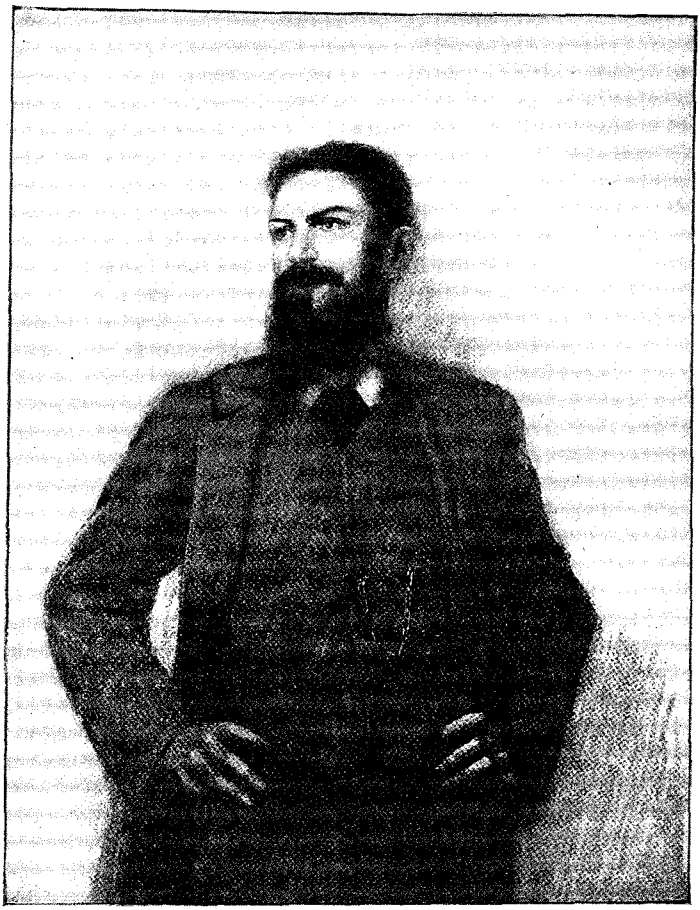

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

From an oil painting.

haps this is due to the mystery with which he manages to surround himself and his sayings. He is an extremely witty and rather cynical Irishman, a prominent Fabian, a musical and dramatic critic, as well as himself a dramatist. For his knowledge of musical matters he is indebted to his mother, with whom he lives, and who was an active musician for many years. He is quite a model young man of forty—a vegetarian, an abstainer, and does not smoke. His training began as a member of the Hampstead Historic Club, founded by a handful of young men to read Marx and Proudhon, and afterward turned into a systematic history class in which each student took his turn as professor. "I made all my acquaintances think me madder than usual," says Mr. Shaw, "by the pertinacity with which I attended debating societies, and haunted all sorts of hole-and-corner debates and public meetings, and made speeches at them." At the Fabian discussions "Shaw," as he is familiarly hailed, is always loudly called upon to say something.

❀

It will be disappointing to many who began Miss Harraden's story, "Hilda Strafford," in the April number of the *Cosmopolitan*, to find it completed in the June issue. But its shortness is the only disappointment about "Hilda Strafford." It is a charming story, and written with fine literary and artistic appreciation. Miss Harraden, during her sojourn in the West, has been much impressed by the homesickness of those who have sought to create a new home and fairer prospects out of the California ranches. The forlorn feeling that overtakes the exile; the quickened sense of remembered joys, intensified by the imagination amid the loneliness of the life; the hardship and uncertainty and brazen reality of the self-sacrificing toil of years which a mocking fate, in the shape of a sudden and unforeseen storm, may at one fell swoop render futile—out of materials like these Miss Harraden has constructed with her delicate skill and sureness of touch a tragic tale of vivid power and fresh interest. It is a phase of California life which until now has remained untouched. In her method Miss Harraden is a stern and relentless realist, and her realism is the more convincing because it is true to the life, and is depicted with consummate art. On the other hand, Mrs. Margaret Collier Graham has given us, in her *Stories of the Foothills*, some beautiful idylls of California life, of which, by the way, we

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wish she would give us more. We are sorry to learn that Miss Harraden has been obliged to give up work on her novel, which is more than half written, on account of illness. She has not yet decided on a title, but she has thought of a striking one, *I, Too, Have Passed Through Wintry Terrors.*

❀

The publishing house of Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Company, which was founded in 1838, and is in its fifty-ninth year, is now located at 156 Fifth Avenue. They announce that Mrs. Burton Harrison is writing for them a supplementary sketch of the externals of New York for Mrs. Lamb's *History of the City of New York*, which is published by this firm. Its publications were originally chiefly educational in character, but these have been transferred to the American Book Company, and Messrs. Barnes and Company are now seeking to extend their publication of high-class miscellaneous books.

❀

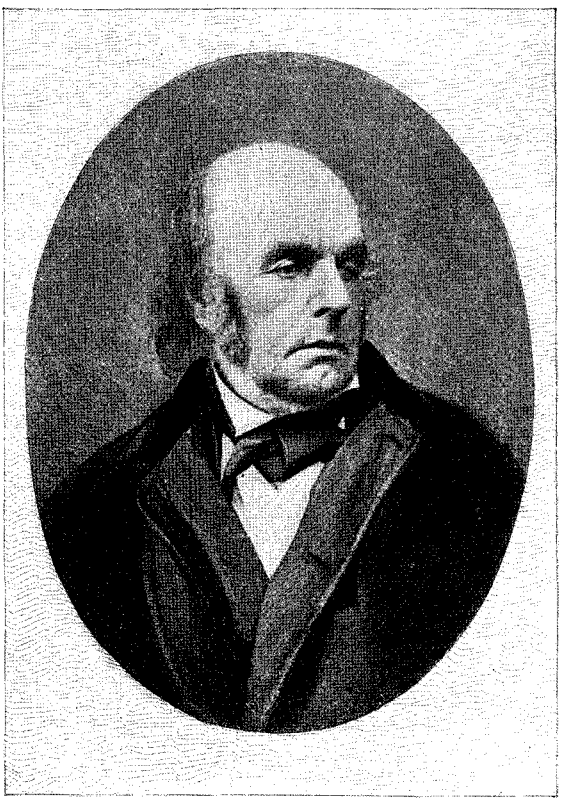
Ian Maclaren's *Bonnie Brier Bush* threatens to become as much an advertising fad as *Trilby* was. Only the other day we saw it used in connection with a patent varnish, and now we are in receipt of a musical march called *The Bonnie Brier Bush*, which has been composed by W. Frank Tompkins, of Painesville, O.

❀

Mr. Hamlin Garland has been spending some time in Mexico recently. He is going to write a life of General Grant for Mr. McClure, and is studying the scenes of Grant's Mexican campaign on the spot.

❀

Apropos of the new multi-variorum edition of the *Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám*, about which we wrote in these columns last month, and which is about to appear as we go to press, a correspondent writes us that he owns "a copy of Southey's *Doctor* in seven volumes, bound in tree calf with the imprint of Messrs. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green and Longman, London, 1834, which came from the library of the translator of the *Rubáiyát*, and containing the autograph of Edward Fitzgerald in the first volume dated 1834!" Through the courtesy of the Joseph Knight Company, the publishers of the new edition of the *Rubáiyát*, we are able to reproduce the portrait of Edward Fitzgerald, which has been taken from a photograph in the possession of Charles Eliot Norton, and forms a frontispiece to the first volume. The second volume has a portrait of Bodenstedt.



Sincerely Yours
E. FitzGerald

❀

Mr. Franklyn Fyles, the author of the play called *The Governor of Kentucky*, writes us with regard to certain strictures passed upon it in the March number of THE BOOKMAN by one of our correspondents. Mr. Fyles states that the features of the play that were criticised are not actually found in it, and appeals

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to his manuscript copy. We have only to say that, in quoting our correspondent's letter, we did not in any way become responsible for its assertions, and we cheerfully record Mr. Fyles's protest and denial.

❀

We have a deep and sincere admiration for Miss Mary E. Wilkins's work, and were among the first to recognise its distinctive merit elsewhere, when *A Humble Romance and Other Stories* was published several years ago. Indeed, long before the stories had been gathered into book form the writer had come upon "A Humble Romance" in a Scot-

Mary E. Wilkins

tish weekly—where it had been copied, doubtless, from the American periodical in which it originally appeared—and although the author was then unknown, the remarkable power of the story was sufficient to mark one summer Saturday afternoon indelible in a life and to relegate the precious clipping to a scrap-book. Then came *Pembroke*, which, if we mistake not, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie was the first to pronounce "the greatest piece of fiction in America since *The Scarlet Letter*." *The Long Arm* we viewed mainly as an experiment and a sort of byplay to the author's legitimate art; but our disappointment is keen after reading Miss Wilkins's new book. It is a thousand pities that after such work as *Pembroke*, so inferior a production as *Madelon* should have been published; and it has been with mature deliberation and clear discrimination that the review which appears on another page has been written. But we shall not yet lose faith in Miss Wilkins, and we wish her a speedy recovery from her recent illness and a fresh conquest in the field which is still her own.

❀

The Contemporary Review has a charming collection of personal reminiscences of Cardinal Manning, contributed by Aubrey De Vere. The charge against the great Cardinal, that he was a cold-hearted man, is said to be incompatible with the love which he is known to have had for children. One of his exclamations on one occasion, when he was deeply moved, is worthy of preservation: "A child's needless tear is a blood-blot on the earth." In the same magazine Mr. G. W. E. Russell, under the heading "George Eliot Revisited," writes an estimate of her books, which is like all criticism of George Eliot that has yet appeared, inadequate and incomplete. The ground is still clear for a serious, competent criticism of George Eliot, which would be a valuable contribution to literature.

❀

In the *Daily Telegraph* (London) Mr. Du Maurier was recently credited with having written and illustrated a book entitled *Peter Robinson! Peter Ibbetson*, of course, was meant, but to an indifferent printer one can easily see how the former would be more obvious. A more careless and exasperating blunder has been going the rounds of the press, in the statement that the Messrs. Scribner have offered Ian Maclaren fifty thousand dollars for his next novel, when the author in question is really Mr. J. M. Barrie. A notice to this effect (no sum was stated) appeared in the English BOOKMAN three months ago, which was copied by the *Critic*, and thence it was evidently transferred to some other paper by a careless copyist, who perhaps trusted to his memory and failed to verify the fact.

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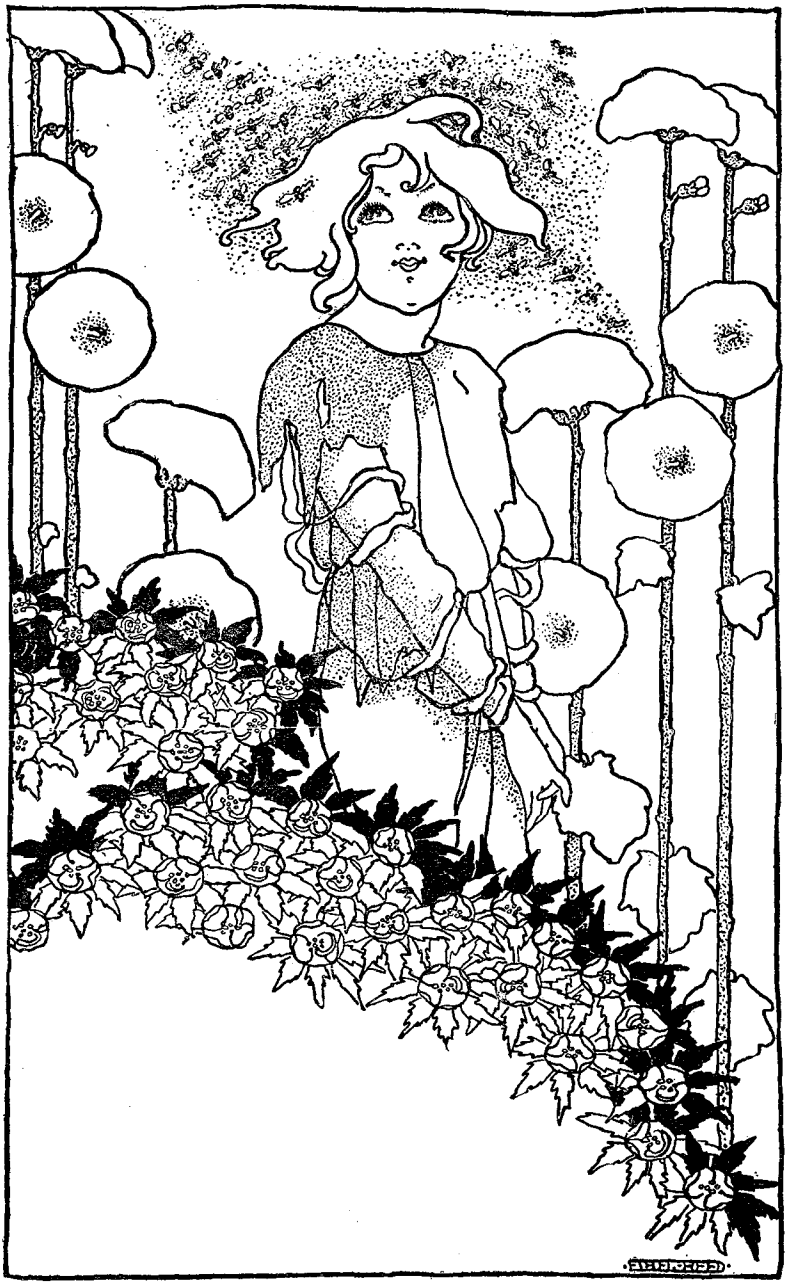

ILLUSTRATION (REDUCED) BY ETHEL REED, FROM "FAIRY TALES," BY MABEL FULLER BLODGETT.

We have not yet read Mabel Fuller Blodgett's *Fairy Tales*, which appears as we go to press, but a glance at the twelve full-page illustrations assures us that the book will find a warm welcome, if only on account of Miss Ethel Reed's work. Those who refused to be convinced by Miss Reed's drawings in the *Arabella and Araminta Stories* because of their intricacy and mystification will, we think, be won by her illustrations to the new book. They are charmingly fresh in conception, clear in outline, and wonderfully suggestive of the fairyland of childhood's dreams, while they have the advantage of being more intelligible to

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the young people. We are able to give a reduced reproduction of one of the illustrations through the courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company.

❀

In connection with Mr. James Payn's recent retirement from the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine*, it may not be generally known that one of the most spirited things done by the *Cornhill* was to purchase George Eliot's *Romola*. The sum paid was immense, but the circulation of the magazine was in consequence reduced about 10,000. The fact is, even then the general reader felt *Romola* to be rather heavy.

❀

Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company announce a Scottish novel, entitled *Redburn*, by a new author, which, however, is not published because it is Scottish, though the elements of life which it portrays are the more tragic and impressive for belonging to the Celtic character. "In its pathos and humour," says one who has read the story, "it is more searching and penetrating than anything we have read for a long time. Both for the fine human feeling it discovers in depicting farm life, and for the tragic force and reality of its central situation, one is inevitably reminded of certain passages in the *Heart of Midlothian* and *Adam Bede*."

❀

The same firm is preparing beautiful illustrated editions of Mr. Barrie's *A Window in Thrums* and Ian Maclaren's *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and *Days of Auld Lang Syne*, to be illustrated from photographs taken in "Thrums" and "Drumtochty," by Clifton Johnson. The project has been warmly approved by both authors. Mr. Johnson was fortunate in having Mr. Barrie's co-operation while visiting in Kirriemuir, and he has since written, "I like your pictures very much." These books, illustrated in this way, we believe, will meet with a hearty welcome.

❀

When we remember the important part which the Scottish dominie of the old school plays in Mr. Barrie's books, the following tribute which he pays to Gabriel Setoun's new novel, *Robert Urquhart*, is all the more remarkable: "At last a novel of Scottish life," writes Mr. Barrie, "without the old dominie in it! The dominie had such a way of marching into the story as soon as he heard there was one on hand, that I think Mr. Setoun must have gone about the work on tiptoe. Well, if I meet the dominie this evening, I am sure to agree with him that it is a scandal; but between you and me, I have long wanted to meet the village schoolmaster of to-day in fiction, and *Robert Urquhart* proves that he can be made as interesting as any dominie of them all." Mr. Setoun, it may be added, is himself a School Board teacher in Edinburgh, and he has depicted the trials and depressing difficulties which the Board teacher has to encounter to the very life. In spite of its depressing tone—for Mr. Setoun is not great enough to rise above the tormenting style and bleak little pessimisms of youth—the story is a graphic and vivid piece of portraiture.

❀

Two years ago there appeared from the press of the Putnams a remarkable Scottish story by Mr. D. Storrar Meldrum, entitled *Margrèdel*, which has passed into the list of undeserved neglected books. In the opinion of many critics of judgment it has been considered the best Scottish novel that has been written in the past decade. We are pleased to see Mr. Neil Munro, the author of *The Lost Pibroch*, and a new Celtic writer who has just appeared on the literary horizon, writing with fine appreciation of this work. He says: "It has a fine bloom of personal genius on it, and it will be read with satisfaction generations after some of the Scots' works that are boomed to-day are in the lumber-room of oblivion."

❀

The new edition of Olive Schreiner's *Story of an African Farm*, which Messrs. Hutchinson and Company have published contains as a frontispiece a reproduction in photogravure of a recently taken portrait of the author. It is to be hoped that Messrs. Roberts Brothers will reissue this new edition in America, as the present one is execrably printed and bound. Over 80,000 copies of this book have been sold in Great Britain alone. The first of a series of timely articles by Olive Schreiner on South Africa and the Boers commenced in the April number of the *Fortnightly Review*.

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A correspondent who has studied at Andover mentions Mrs. Phelps Ward's recent novel, *A Singular Life*, as one of the best books descriptive of Andover life. Those who have read the story will understand that "Windover" is a thin disguise for the New England centre of conservative theology.

❀

Another correspondent writes about Mrs. Phelps Ward as follows :

"In the March *McClure's*, Mrs. Phelps Ward, in her 'Chapters from a Life,' makes the remarkable statement that she practically rewrote three hundred and fifty pages of manuscript between after tea-time and three o'clock the next morning. This is at the rate of about thirty-nine pages an hour. Does this not break all previous records, and would not a typewriter be a hindrance to such a rapid writer ?

In the same series of papers, she states in the May *McClure's* that *The Gates Ajar* was published in 1869, two years after its writing. A few lines below she says that in 1863 she was nineteen years old. She says elsewhere that she could not have been much over twenty, possibly approaching twenty-one, when she wrote the book. Should not some one jog her memory a little, sufficiently, at least, to make her own dates reconcilable? Later we read, in a style of rather subtle self-complacency, of the 'astonished girl' being overwhelmed with letters anent the book, 'from all quarters of the civilised globe, in its differing languages.' She must at that time, according to her own dates, have been twenty-five ; and even in the cold, theological air of Andover, she must have been a woman in development at that age. With these facts in view, one can hardly enter fully into the spirit of the 'astonished girl's' 'terrified humility.'"

❀

We print herewith a letter from Mr. John Brisben Walker, of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, received too late for insertion in our last number :

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN : Several months since, in company with a majority of my countrymen, I felt an anxiety lest bad statesmanship should draw us unnecessarily into a war with Great Britain. There was a period at which, it seemed to me, Mr. Gladstone's utterances in favour of International Arbitration would prove important to the cause of humanity. I cabled him asking for 1000 words in support of International Arbitration. I felt sure that if it was opportune for him to speak, he would be glad to do so without pay ; but I also did not wish to seem to take advantage of a situation to secure a favour for *The Cosmopolitan*, without making suitable compensation, and so offered $1.00 per word for 1000 words. This, you will concede, is quite different from the general offer which THE BOOKMAN represents me as making. The publication in the newspapers of anything regarding the transaction was unsought by me. The handwriting of Gladstone was seen by a gentleman who was formerly the representative of *The Cosmopolitan* in London, but is now connected with a leading journal, and permission to reproduce the handwriting in fac-simile was requested. Beyond that permission there was no action upon my part, and the publication of what you deemed an "advertisement" was personally most annoying, as it placed me, as an editor, in the absurd position of being ready to expend money without even an approach to common sense.

Now one word more. If you imagine that I am compelled to offer unusual prices for the best material, you have only to reflect for a moment upon the fact that *The Cosmopolitan* has to-day the largest *clientèle* of intelligent thinking readers possessed by any periodical in either Europe or America.

In no other publication can a writer be so sure of so vast an audience. There are, it is true, two other publications claiming a larger circulation, but they do not appeal to the class of readers with whom a literary department conducted by Sarcey, Zangwill, Andrew Lang, Agnes Repplier, and others has proven popular. *The Cosmopolitan* sold 335,000 copies of its April issue. That means nearly two millions of readers. Who is there who ought not to feel honoured in addressing so vast a constituency ?

Sincerely yours,
JOHN BRISBEN WALKER,
Editor *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

❀

In Sir Samuel Ferguson's Biography, written by his widow and recently published, there is a letter from Ian Maclaren, who was related to Ferguson by marriage, which contains the following story :

"The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia were some years ago staying at St. Cloud with Napoleon, and took a walk one evening. They met an Englishman, who asked them to show him the way. They did so, and walked a little with him. On parting, he asked their names. 'I (bowing) am the Emperor of Russia ;' 'I am the King of Prussia ;' and 'I am the Emperor of the French.' And 'I,' said our compatriot, bowing lowest, 'am the Emperor of China.'"

❀

We understand that Stephen Crane's forthcoming novel, *Dan Emmonds*, which was announced for publication in June, will not be ready until the autumn. Mr. Edward Arnold will publish immediately, however, a new story by Mr. Crane entitled *George's Mother*. Mr. W. D. Howells has expressed the opinion that this story is altogether the best bit of work Mr. Crane has yet done. The book will sell for seventy-five cents, and a first edition of 10,000 copies is being printed

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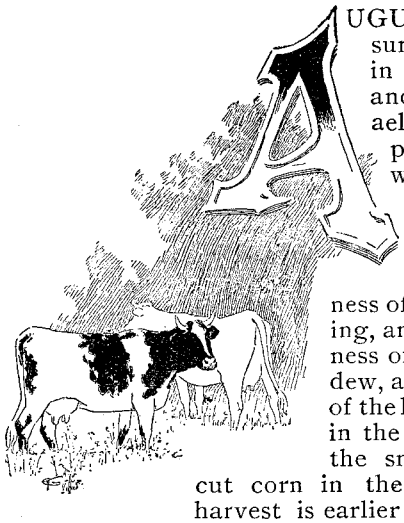
KATE CARNEGIE.*

By Ian Maclaren.

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE GLOAMING.



AUGUST is our summer time in the north, and Carmichael found it pleasant walking from Lynedoch bridge to Kilbogie. The softness of the gloaming, and the freshness of the falling dew, and the scent of the honeysuckle in the hedge, and the smell of the cut corn in the fields—for harvest is earlier down there than with us—and the cattle chewing the cud, and the sheltering shadow of old beech trees, shed peace upon him and touched the young minister's imagination. Fancies he may have had in early youth, but he had never loved any woman except his mother and his aunt. There had been times when he and his set declared they would never marry, and one, whose heart was understood to be blighted, had drawn up the constitution of a celibate Union. It was never completed—and therefore never signed—because the brotherhood could not agree about the duration of the vows—the draftsman, who has been twice married since then, standing stiffly for their perpetuity, while the others considered that a dispensing power might be lodged in the Moderator of Assembly.

This railing against marriage on the part of his friends was pure boyishness, and they all were engaged on the mere prospect of a kirk, but Carmichael had more of a mind on the matter. There was in him an ascetic bent, inherited from some Catholic ancestor, and he was almost convinced that a minister would serve God with more abandonment in the celibate state. As an only child, and brought up by a mother given to noble thoughts, he had learned to set women in a place by themselves, and considered marriage for ordinary men to flavour of sacrilege. His mother had bound it as a law upon him that he was never to exercise his tongue on a woman's failings, never to argue with a woman unto her embarrassment, never to regard her otherwise than as his superior. Women noticed that Carmichael bore himself to them as if each were a Madonna, and treated him in turn according to their nature. Some were abashed, and could not understand the lad's shyness; those were saints. Some were amused, and suspected him of sarcasm; those were less than saints. Some horrified him unto confusion of face because of the shameful things they said. One middle-aged female, whose conversation oscillated between physiology and rescue work, compelled Carmichael to sue for mercy on the ground that he had not been accustomed to speak about such details of life with a woman, and ever afterward described him as a prude. It seemed to Carmichael that he was disliked by women because he thought more highly of them than he ought to think.

Carmichael was much tried by the baser of his fellow-students, especially a certain class of smug, self-contented, unctuous men, who neither had endured hardship to get to college, nor did any work at college. They were described in reports as the "fruits of the revival," and had been taken from behind counters and sent to the University, not because they had any love of letters, like Domsie's lads at Drumtochty, but because rich old ladies were much impressed by the young men's talk, and the young men were perfectly aware that they would be better off in the ministry than in any situation they could gain by their own merits. As Carmichael grew older, and therefore more charitable, he discovered with what faulty tools the work of the world and even of kirks is carried on, and how there is a root of good in very coarse and common souls. When he was a young judge—from whom may the Eter-

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nal deliver us all—he was bitter against the "fruits," as he called them, because they did their best to escape examinations, and spoke in a falsetto voice, and had no interest in dogs, and because they told incredible tales of their spiritual achievements. But chiefly did Carmichael's gorge rise against those unfortunates because of the mean way they spoke of marriage, and on this account, being a high-spirited young fellow, he said things which could hardly be defended, and of which afterward he honestly repented.

"Yes, religion is profitable for both worlds," one of them would exhort by the junior common-room fire, "and if you doubt it, look at me; five-and-twenty shillings a week as a draper's assistant was all I had, and no chance of rising. Now I'm a gentleman"—here Carmichael used to look at the uncleanly little man and snort—"and in two years I could ask any girl in religious society, and she would take me. A minister can marry any woman, if he be evangelical. Ah," he would conclude, with a fine strain of piety, "the Gospel is its own reward."

What enraged Carmichael as he listened in the distance to these pæans of Pharisaism was the disgusting fact that the "fruits" did carry off great spoil in the marriage field, so that to a minister without culture, manners, or manliness, a middle-class family would give their pet daughter, when they would have refused her to a ten times better man fighting his way up in commerce. If she died, then this enterprising buccaneer would achieve a second and a third conquest, till in old age he would rival the patriarchs in the number of his wives and possessions. As for the girl, Carmichael concluded that she was still under the glamour of an ancient superstition, and took the veil after a very commonplace and squalid fashion. This particular "fruit" against whom Carmichael in his young uncharitableness especially raged, because he was more self-complacent and more illiterate than his fellows, married the daughter of a rich self-made man, and on the father's death developed a peculiar form of throat disease, which laid him aside from the active work of the ministry—a mysterious providence, as he often explained—but allowed him to enjoy life with a guarded satisfaction. What Carmichael said to him about his ways and his Gospel was very unpleasant and quite unlike Carmichael's kindly nature, but the only revenge the victim took was to state his conviction that Scotland would have nothing to do with a man that was utterly worldly, and in after years to warn vacant churches against one who did not preach the Cross.

MOTHER CHURCH CAST HER SPELL OVER HIS IMAGINATION.

After one of those common-room encounters, Carmichael used to fling himself out into the east wind and greyness of Edinburgh, fuming against the simplicity of good people, against the provincialism of his college, against the Pharisaism of his church, against the Philistinism of Scottish life. He would go down to Holyrood and pity Queen Mary, transported from the gay court of France to Knox's Scotland, divided between theology and bloodshed. In the evening he would sweep his table clean of German books on the Pentateuch, and cover it with prints of the old masters, which he had begun to collect, and ancient books of Catholic devotion, and read two letters to his mother from her uncle, who had been a Vicar-General, and died in an old Scot-

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tish convent in Spain. There was very little in the letters beyond good wishes, and an account of the Vicar-General's health, but they seemed to link a Free Kirk divinity student on to the Holy Catholic Church. Mother Church cast her spell over his imagination, and he envied the lot of her priests, who held a commission no man denied and administered a world-wide worship, whom a splendid tradition sanctioned, whom each of the arts hastened to aid ; while he was to be the minister of a local sect and work with the "fruits," who knew nothing of Catholic Christianity, but supposed their little eddy, whereon they danced like rotten sticks, to be the main stream. Next day a reaction would set in, and Carmichael would have a fit of Bohemianism, and resolve to be a man of letters. So the big books on theology would again be set aside, and he would write an article for *Ferrier's Journal*, that kindliest of all journals to the young author, which he would receive back in a week "with thanks." The Sunday night came, and Carmichael sat down to write his weekly letter to his mother—she got notes between, he found them all in her drawers, not a scrap missing—and as he wrote, his prejudices, and petulances, and fancies, and unrest passed away. Before he had told her all that happened to him during the week—touching gently on the poor Revivalist—although his mother had a saving sense of humour, and was a quite wonderful mimic—and saying nothing of his evening with St. Francis de Sales—for this would have alarmed her at once—he knew perfectly well that he would be neither a Roman nor a reporter, but a Free Kirk minister, and was not utterly cast down ; for notwithstanding the yeasty commotion of youth and its censoriousness, he had a shrewd idea that a man is likely to do his life work best in the tradition of his faith and blood. Next morning his heart warmed as he went in through the college gates, and he would have defended Knox unto the death, as the maker of Scotland. His fellow-students seemed now a very honest set of men, as indeed they were, although a trifle limited in horizon, and he hoped that one of the "fruits" was satisfied with his Sunday's work, which shows that as often as a man of twenty-one gets out of touch with reality, he ought straightway to sit down and write to his mother. Carmichael indeed told me one evening at the Cottage that he never had any mystical call to the ministry, but only had entered the Divinity Hall instead of going to Oxford because his mother had this for her heart's desire, and he loved her. As a layman it perhaps did not become me to judge mysteries, but I dared to say that any man might well be guided by his mother in religion, and that the closer he kept to her memory the better he would do his work. After which both of us smoked furiously, and Carmichael, two minutes later, was moved to remark that some Turkish I had then was enough to lure a man up Glen Urtach in the month of December.

The young minister was stirred on the way to Kilbogie, and began to dream dreams in the twilight. Love had come suddenly to him, and after an unexpected fashion. Miss Carnegie was of another rank and another faith, nor was she even his ideal woman, neither conspicuously spiritual nor gentle, but frank, outspoken, fearless, self-willed. He could also see that she had been spoiled by her father and his friends, who had given her *carte blanche* to say and do what she pleased. Very likely—he could admit that even in the first blush of his emotion—she might be passionate and prejudiced on occasion, even a fierce hater. This he had imagined in the Tochty woods, and was not afraid, for her imperfections seemed to him a provocation and an attraction. They were the defects of her qualities—of her courage, candour, generosity, affection. Carmichael leant upon a stile, and recalled the carriage of her head, the quick flash of her eye, the tap of her foot, the fascination of her manner. She was free from the affectations, gaucheries, commonplaces, wearinesses of many good women he had known. St. Theresa had been the woman enshrined in the tabernacle of his heart, but life might have been a trifle tiresome if a man were married to a saint. The saints have no humour, and do not relax. Life with a woman like Miss Carnegie would be effervescent and stimulating, full of surprises and piquancy. No, she was not a saint, but he felt by an instinct she was pure, loyal, reverent, and true at the core. She was a gallant lass, and . . . he loved her.

What an absurdity was this reverie, and Carmichael laughed aloud at himself. Twice he had met Miss Carnegie—on one occasion she had found him

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watering strange dogs out of his hat, and on the other he had given her to understand that women were little removed from fools. He had made the worst of himself, and this young woman who had lived with smart people must have laughed at him. Very likely she had made him into a story, for as a raconteur himself he knew the temptation to work up raw material, or perhaps Miss Carnegie had forgotten long ago that he had called. Suppose that he should call to-morrow on his way home and say, "General Carnegie, I think it right to tell you that I admire your daughter very much, and should like your permission to pay my addresses. I am Free Church minister in Drumtochty, and my stipend is £200 a year" . . . his laugh this time was rather bitter. The Carnegies would be at once admitted into the county set, and he would only meet them at a time . . . Lord Hay was a handsome and pleasant young fellow. He would be at Glen Urtach House for the shooting in a few days . . . that was a likely thing to happen . . . the families were old friends . . . there would be great festivities in the Glen . . . perhaps he would be asked to propose the bride's health . . . It really seemed a providence that Saunderson should come along the road when he was playing the fool like a puling boy, for if any man could give a douche to love-sickness it was the minister of Kilbogie.

Carmichael was standing in the shadow as Saunderson came along the road, and the faint light was a perfect atmosphere for the dear old bookman. Standing at his full height he might have been six feet, but with much poring over books and meditation he had descended some three inches. His hair was long, not because he made any conscious claim to genius, but because he forgot to get it cut, and with his flowing, untrimmed beard, was now quite grey. Within his clothes he was the merest skeleton, being so thin that his shoulder blades stood out in sharp outline, and his hands were almost transparent. The redeeming feature in Saunderson was his eyes, which were large and eloquent, of a trustful, wistful hazel, the beautiful eyes of a dumb animal. Whether he was expounding doctrines of an incredible disbelief in humanity or exalting, in rare moments, the riches of a divine love in which he did not expect to share, or humbly beseeching his brethren to give him information on some point in scholarship no one knew anything about except himself, or stroking the hair of some little child sitting upon his knee, those eyes were ever simple, honest, and most pathetic. Young ministers coming to the Presbytery full of self-conceit and new views were arrested by their light shining through the glasses, and came in a year or two to have a profound regard for Saunderson, curiously compounded of amusement at his ways, which for strangeness were quite beyond imagination, admiration for his knowledge, which was amazing for its accuracy and comprehensiveness, respect for his honesty, which feared no conclusion, however repellent to flesh and blood, but chiefly of love for the unaffected and shining goodness of a man in whose virgin soul neither self nor this world had any part. For years the youngsters of the Presbytery knew not how to address the minister of Kilbogie, since any one who had dared to call him Saunderson, as they said "Carmichael" and even "MacWheep," though he was elderly, would have been deposed, without delay, from the ministry—so much reverence at least was in the lads—and "Mister" attached to this personality would be like a silk hat on the head of an eastern sage. Jenkins of Pitrodie always considered that he was inspired when he one day called Saunderson "Rabbi," and unto the day of his death Kilbogie was so called. He made protest against the title as being forbidden in the Gospels, but the lads insisted that it must be understood in the sense of scholar, whereupon Saunderson disowned it on the ground of his slender attainments. The lads saw the force of this objection, and admitted that the honourable word belonged by rights to MacWheep, but it was their fancy to assign it to Saunderson—whereat Saunderson yielded, only exacting a pledge that he should never be so called in public, lest all concerned be condemned for foolishness. When it was announced that the University of Edinburgh had resolved to confer the degree of D.D. on him for his distinguished learning and great services to theological scholarship, Saunderson, who was delighted when Dowbiggin of Muirtown got the honour for being an ecclesiastic, would have refused it for himself had not his boys gone out in a body and compelled him to accept.

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They also purchased a Doctor's gown and hood, and invested him with them in the name of Kilbogie two days before the capping. One of them saw that he was duly brought to the Tolbooth Kirk, where the capping ceremonial in those days took place. Another sent a list of Saunderson's articles to British and foreign theological and philological reviews, which filled half a column of the *Caledonian*, and drew forth a complimentary article from that exceedingly able and caustic paper, whose editor lost all his hair through sympathetic emotion the morning of the Disruption, and ever afterward pointed out the faults of the Free Kirk with much frankness. The fame of Rabbi Saunderson was so spread abroad that a great cheer went up as he came in with the other Doctors elect, in which he cordially joined, considering it to be intended for his neighbour, a successful West-end clergyman, the author of a *Life of Dorcas* and other pleasing booklets. For some time after his boys said "Doctor" in every third sentence, and then grew weary of a too common title, and fell back on Rabbi, by which he was known unto the day of his death, and which is engraved on his tombstone.

The Rabbi was tasting some morsel of literature as he came along, and halted opposite Carmichael, whom he did not see in the shadow, that he might enjoy it aloud.

"That is French verse, Rabbi, I think, but it sounds archaic; is it from a Huguenot poet?"

"Assuredly," replied the Rabbi, not one whit astonished that a man should come out from a hedge on Kilbogie road and recognise his quotation; "and as you suggest, a piece which I have good evidence Queen Mary used to read. It is you, John Carmichael." The Rabbi awoke from the past, and held Carmichael's hand in both of his. "This was very mindful. You were going home from Pitscourie and turned aside to visit me.

"It is unfortunate that I am hastening to a farm called the Mains, on the border of Pitscourie parish, to expound the Word; but you will go on to the Manse and straitly charge Barbara to give you food, and I will hasten to return." And the Rabbi looked forward to the night with great satisfaction.

"No, I am not coming from Pitscourie, and you are not going there, as far as one can see. Why, you are on your way to Tochty woods; you are going west instead of east; Rabbi, tell the truth, have you been snuffing?"

This was a searching question, and full of history. When the Rabbi turned his back against the wind to snuff with greater comfort, he was not careful to resume his original position, but continued cheerfully in the new direction. This weakness was so well known that the school bairns would watch till he had started, and stand in a row on the road to block his progress. Then there would be a parley, which would end in the Rabbi capitulating and rewarding the children with peppermints, whereupon they would see him fairly off again and go on their way—often looking back to see that he was safe, and somehow loving him all the more for his strange ways. So much indeed was the Rabbi beloved that a Pitscourie laddie, who described Saunderson freely as a "daftie" to Mains' grandson, did not see clearly for a week, and never recovered his lost front tooth.

"That," remarked young Mains, "'ill learn Pitscourie tae set up impidence aboot the minister."

"There is no doubt that I snuffed—it was at Claypots steading—but there was no wind that I should turn. This is very remarkable, John, and . . . disconcerting.

"These humiliations are doubtless a lesson," resumed the Rabbi as they hurried to Mains, "and a rebuke. Snuffing is in no sense a necessity, and I have long recognised that the habit requires to be restricted—very carefully restricted. For some time I have had fixed times—once in the forenoon, once in the afternoon, and again in the evening. Had I restrained myself till my work was over and I had returned home, this misadventure would not have occurred, whereby I have been hindered and the people will have been kept waiting for their spiritual food.

"It is exactly thirty years to-night since I began this meeting in Mains," the Rabbi explained to Carmichael, "and I have had great pleasure in it and some profit. My subject has been the Epistle to the Romans, and by the goodness of God we are approaching the last chapters. The salutations will take about a year or so; Rufus, chosen in the Lord, will need careful treatment; and then I thought, if I were spared, of

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giving another year to a brief review of the leading points of doctrine ; eh ?"

Carmichael indicated that the family at Mains would almost expect something of the sort, and enquired whether there might not be a few passages requiring separate treatment at fuller length than was possible in this hurried commentary.

"Quite so, John, quite so ; no one is more bitterly conscious of the defects of this exposition than myself—meagre and superficial to a degree, both in the patristic references and the experimental application ; but we are frail creatures, John, and it is doubtful whether the exposition of any book should extend over a generation. It has always caused me regret that Mains—I mean the father of the present tenant—departed before we had come to the comfort of the eighth chapter.

The Rabbi's mind was much affected by this thought, and twice in the kitchen his eye wandered to the chair where his friend had sat, with his wife beside him. From Priscilla and Aquila he was led into the question of hospitality, on which he spoke afterward till they came to the Manse, where he stationed Carmichael on the doorstep till he secured a light.

"There is a parcel of books on the floor, partially opened, and the way of passing is narrow and somewhat dangerous in the darkness."

CHAPTER XII.

KILBOGIE MANSE.

MINISTERS there were in the great strath so orderly that they kept their sealing-wax in one drawer and their string in another, while their sermons were arranged under the books of the Bible, and tied with green silk. Dr. Dowbiggin, though a dull man and of a heavy carriage, could find in an instant the original draft of a motion on instrumental music he made in the Presbytery of Muirtown in the year '59, and could also give the exact page in the blue-books for every word he had uttered in the famous case when he showed that the use of a harmonium to train Mac-Wheep's choir was a return to the bondage of Old Testament worship. His collection of pamphlets was supposed to be unique, and were a terror to controversialists, no man knowing when a rash utterance on the bottomless mystery of "spiritual independence" might not be produced from the Doctor's coat-tail pocket. He retired to rest at 10.15, and rose at six, settling the subject of his next sermon on Sabbath evening, and finishing the first head before breakfast on Monday morning. He had three hats—one for funerals, one for marriages, one for ordinary occasions—and has returned from the Presbytery door to brush his coat. Morning prayers in Dr. Dowbiggin's house were at 8.05, and the wrath of the Doctor was so dangerous that one probationer staying at the manse, and not quite independent of influence, did not venture to undress, but snatched a fearful doze sitting upright on a cane-bottomed chair, lest he should not be in at the psalm. Young ministers of untidy habits regarded Dr. Dowbiggin's study with despair, and did not recover their spirits till they were out of Muirtown. Once only did this eminent man visit the manse of Kilbogie, and in favourable moments after dinner he would give his choicer experiences.

"It is my invariable custom to examine my bed to see that everything is in order, and any one sleeping in Kilbogie Manse will find the good of such a precaution. I trust that I am not a luxurious person—it would ill become one who came out in '43—but I have certainly become accustomed to the use of sheets. When I saw there were none on the bed, I declined to sleep without them, and I indicated my mind very distinctly on the condition of the manse.

"Would you believe it ?" the Doctor used to go on. "Saunderson explained, as if it were a usual occurrence, that he had given away all the spare linen in his house to a girl that had to marry in . . . urgent circumstances, and had forgotten to get more. And what do you think did he offer as a substitute for sheets ?" No one could even imagine what might not occur to the mind of Saunderson.

"Towels, as I am an honourable man ; a collection of towels, as he put it, 'skil-

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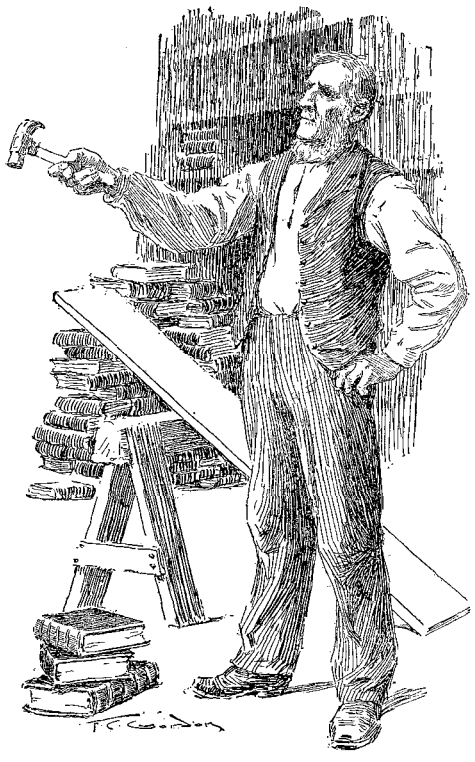

"YE 'ILL BE HANGING DR. CHALMERS THERE."

fully attached together, might make a pleasant covering.' That is the first and last time I ever slept in the Free Church Manse of Kilbogie. As regards Saunderson's study, I will guarantee that the like of it cannot be found within Scotland," and at the very thought of it that exact and methodical ecclesiastic realised the limitations of language.

His boys boasted of the Rabbi's study as something that touched genius in its magnificent disorderliness, and Carmichael was so proud of it that he took me to see it as to a shrine. One whiff of its atmosphere as you entered the door gave an appetite and raised the highest expectations. For any bookman can estimate a library by scent—if an expert he could even write out a catalogue of the books and sketch the appearance of the owner. Heavy odour of polished mahogany, Brussels carpets, damask curtains and tablecloths; then the books are kept within glass, consist of sets of standard works in half calf, and the owner will give you their cost wholesale to a farthing. Faint fragrance of delicate flowers, and Russia leather, with a hint of cigarettes; prepare yourself for a marvellous wall paper, etchings, bits of oak, limited editions, and a man in a velvet coat. Smell of paste and cloth binding and general newness means yesterday's books and a man racing through novels with a paper knife. Those are only book-rooms by courtesy, and never can satisfy any one who has breathed the sacred air. It is a rich and strong spirit, not only filling the room, but pouring out from the door and possessing the hall, redeeming an opposite dining-room from grossness, and a more distant drawing-room from frivolity, and even lending a goodly flavor to bedrooms on upper floors. It is distilled from curious old duodecimos packed on high shelves out of sight, and blows over folios, with large clasps, that once stood in monastery libraries, and gathers a subtle sweetness from parchments that were illuminated in ancient scriptoriums, that are now grass grown, and is fortified with good old musty calf. The wind was from the right quarter on the first day I visited Kilbogie Manse, and as we went up the garden walk the Rabbi's library already bade us welcome, and assured us of our reward for a ten miles' walk.

Saunderson was perfectly helpless in all manner of mechanics—he could not drive a tack through anything except his own fingers, and had given up shaving at the suggestion of his elders—and yet he boasted, with truth, that he had got three times as many books into the study as his predecessor possessed in all his house. For Saunderson had shelved the walls from the floor to the ceiling, into every corner and over the doors, and above the windows, as well as below them. The wright had wished to leave the space clear above the mantelpiece.

"Ye 'ill be hanging Dr. Chalmers there, or maybe John Knox, and a bit clock 'ill be handy for letting ye ken the 'oors on Sabbath."

The Rabbi admitted that he had a Knox, but was full of a scheme for hanging him over his history, which he considered both appropriate and convenient. As regards time, it was the last thing of which that worthy man desired to be reminded—going to bed when he could no longer see for weariness, and rising as soon as he awoke, taking his food when it was brought to him, and being

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conducted to church by the beadle after the last straggler was safely seated. He even cast covetous eyes upon the two windows, which were absurdly large, as he considered, but compromised matters by removing the shutters and filling up the vacant space with slender works of devotion. It was one of his conceits that the rising sun smote first on an À Kempis, for this he had often noticed as he worked of a morning.

Book-shelves had long ago failed to accommodate Rabbi's treasures, and the floor had been bravely utilised. Islands of books, rugged and perpendicular, rose on every side; long promontories reached out from the shores, varied by bold headlands; and so broken and varied was that floor that the Rabbi was pleased to call it the Ægean Sea, where he had his Lesbos and his Samos. It is absolutely incredible, but it is all the same a simple fact, that he knew every book and its location, having a sense of the feel as well as the shape of his favourites. This was not because he had the faintest approach to orderliness—for he would take down twenty volumes and never restore them to the same place by any chance. It was a sort of motherly instinct by which he watched over them all, even loved prodigals that wandered over all the study and then set off on adventurous journeys into distant rooms. The restoration of an emigrant to his lawful home was celebrated by a feast in which, by a confusion of circumstances, the book played the part of calf, being read afresh from beginning to end. During his earlier and more agile years the Rabbi used to reach the higher levels of his study by wonderful gymnastic feats, but after two falls—one with three Ante-Nicene fathers in close pursuit—he determined to call in assistance. This he did after an impressive fashion. When he attended the roup at Pitfoodles—a day of historical prices—and purchased in open competition, at three times its value, a small stack ladder, Kilbogie was convulsed, and Mains had to offer explanations.

"He's cuttit aff seevin feet, and rins up it tae get his tapmaist bukes, but that's no a'," and then Mains gave it to be understood that the rest of the things the minister had done with that ladder were beyond words. For in order that the rough wood might not scar the sensitive backs of the fathers, the Rabbi had covered the upper end with cloth, and for that purpose had utilised a pair of trousers. It was not within his ability in any way to reduce or adapt his material, so that those interesting garments remained in their original shape, and, as often as the ladder stood reversed, presented a very impressive and diverting spectacle. It was the inspiration of one of Carmichael's most successful stories—how he had done his best to console a woman on the death of her husband, and had not altogether failed, till she caught sight of the deceased's nether garments waving disconsolately on a rope in the garden, when she refused to be comforted. "Toom (empty) breeks tae me noo," and she wept profusely, "toom breeks tae me."

One of the great efforts of the Rabbi's life was to seat his visitors, since, beyond the one chair, accommodation had to be provided on the table, wheresoever there happened to be no papers, and on the ledges of the book-cases. It was pretty to see the host suggesting from a long experience those coigns of vantage he counted easiest and safest, giving warnings also of unsuspected danger in the shape of restless books that might either disappear from beneath one's feet or descend on one's head. Carmichael, however, needed no such guidance, for he knew his way about in the marvellous place, and at once made for what the boys called the throne of the fathers. This was a lordly seat, laid as to its foundation in mediæval divines of ponderous volume, but excellently finished with the Benedictine edition of St. Augustine, softened by two cushions, one for a seat and another for a back. Here Carmichael used to sit in great content, smoking and listening while the Rabbi hunted a passage through Scripture with many authorities, or defended the wildest Calvinism with strange, learned arguments; from this place he would watch the Rabbi searching for a lost note on some passage of Holy Writ amid a pile of papers two feet deep, through which he burrowed on all fours, or climbing for a book on the sky-line, to forget his errand and to expound some point of doctrine from the top of the ladder.

"You're comfortable, John, and you do not want to put off your boots after all that travelling to and fro; then I will search for Barbara, and secure some re-

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A TALL, BONY, FORBIDDING WOMAN.

freshment for our bodies," and Carmichael watched the Rabbi depart with pity, for he was going on a troublous errand.

Housekeepers are, after beadles, the most wonderful functionaries in the ecclesiastical life of Scotland, and every species could be found within a day's journey of Drumtochty. Jenkins, indeed, suggested that a series of papers on Church Institutions read at the clerical club should include one on housekeepers, and offered to supply the want, which was the reason why Dr. Dowbiggin refused to certify him to a vacancy, speaking of him as "frivolous and irresponsible." The class ranged from Sarah of Drumtochty, who could cook and knew nothing about ecclesiastical affairs, to that austere damsel, Margaret Meiklewham of Pitscourie, who had never prepared an appetising meal in her life, but might have sat as an elder in the Presbytery.

Among all her class, Barbara MacCluckie stood an easy worst, being the most incapable, unsightly, evil-tempered, vexatious woman into whose hands an unmarried man had ever been delivered. MacWheep had his own trials, but his ruler saw that he had sufficient food and some comfort, but Barbara laid herself out to make the Rabbi's life a misery. He only obtained food as a favour, and an extra blanket had to be won by a week's abject humiliation. Fire was at times denied him, and he secured oil for his lamp by stratagems. Latterly he was glad to send strange ministers to Mains, and only his boys forced lodgment in the manse. The settlement of Barbara was the great calamity of the Rabbi's life, and was the doing of his own good nature. He first met her when she came to the manse one evening to discuss the unlawfulness of infant baptism and the duty of holding Sunday on Saturday, being the Jewish Sabbath. His interest deepened on learning that she had been driven from twenty-nine situations through the persecution of the ungodly; and on her assuring him that she had heard a voice in a dream bidding her take charge of Kilbogie Manse, the Rabbi, who had suffered many things at the hands of young girls given to lovers, installed Barbara, and began to repent that very day. A tall, bony, forbidding woman, with a squint and a nose turning red from chronic indigestion, let it be said for her that she did not fall into the sins of her predecessors. It was indeed a pleasant jest in Kilbogie for four Sabbaths that she allowed a local Romeo, who knew not that his Juliet was gone, to make his adventurous way to her bedroom window, and then showed such an amazing visage that he was laid up for a week through the suddenness of his fall. What the Rabbi endured no one knew, but his boys understood that the only relief he had from Barbara's tyranny was on Sabbath evening, when she stated her objections to the doctrine, and threatened to walk into Muirtown in order to escape from unsound doctrine. On such occasions the Rabbi laid himself out for her instruction with much zest, and he knew when he had produced an impression, for then he went supperless to bed.

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Between this militant spirit and the boys there was an undying feud, and Carmichael was not hurt to hear her frank references to himself.

"What need he come stravagin' doon frae Drumtochty for? it wud set him better tae wait on his ain fouks. A licht-headed fellow, they say as kens; an' as for his doctrine—weel, maybe it 'ill dae for Drumtochty.

"Tea? Did ye expect me tae hae biling water at this 'oor o' the nicht? My word, the money wud flee in this hoose gin a' wesna here. Milk 'ill dae fine for yon birkie: he micht be gled tae get onything, sorning on a respectable manse every ither week."

"You will pardon our humble provision"—this is how the Rabbi prepared Carmichael; "we have taken my worthy Abigail unawares, and she cannot do for us what in other circumstances would be her desire. She has a thorn in the flesh which troubles her, and makes her do what she would not; but I am convinced that the root of the matter is in her, and that her heart is right."

That uncompromising woman took no notice of Drumtochty, but busied herself in a search for the Rabbi's bag, which he insisted he had brought home from Muirtown that morning, and which was at last found covered with books.

"Do not open it at present, Barbara; you can identify the contents later if it be necessary, but I am sure they are all right," and the Rabbi watched Barbara's investigations with anxiety.

"Maybe ye hae brocht back what ye started wi', but gin ye hev, it's the first time a' can mind. Laist sacrament at Edinburgh ye pickit up twal books, ae clothes brush, an' a crochet cover for a chair, an' left a'thing that belonged tae ye."

"It was an inadvertence; but I obtained a drawer for my own use this time, and I was careful to pack its contents into the bag, leaving nothing." But the Rabbi did not seem over-confident.

"There's nae question that ye hev filled the pack," said Barbara, with much deliberation and an ominous calmness; "but whether wi' yir ain gear or some ither body's, a'll leave ye tae judge yirsel'. A'll juist empty the bag on the bukes;" and Barbara selected a bank of Puritans for the display of her master's spoil.

"Ae slipbody (bodice), well hemmed and gude stuff—ye didna tak' that wi' ye, at ony rate; twa pillow slips—they 'ill come in handy, oor ain are wearin' thin; ae pair o' sheets—'ill juist dae for the next trimmie that ye want tae set up in her hoose; this 'ill be a bolster slip, a'm judgin'——"

"It must be the work of Satan," cried the poor Rabbi, who constantly saw the hand of the great enemy in the disorder of his study. "I cannot believe that my hands packed such garments in place of my own."

"Ye 'ill be satisfied when ye read the name; it's plain eneuch; ye needna gang dodderin' aboot here and there lookin' for yir glasses; there's twa pair on your head already;" for it was an hour of triumph to Barbara's genial soul.

"It's beyond understanding," murmured the Rabbi. "I must have mistaken one drawer for another in the midst of meditation;" and then, when Barbara had swept out of the room with the varied linen on her arm, "this is very humiliating, John, and hard to bear."

"Nonsense, Rabbi; it's one of the finest things you have ever done. Half a dozen journeys of that kind would refurnish the manse; it's just a pity you can't annex a chair;" but he saw that the good man was sorely vexed.

"You are a good lad, John, and it is truly marvellous what charity I have received at the hands of young men who might have scorned and mocked me. God knows how my heart has been filled with gratitude, and I . . . have mentioned your names in my unworthy prayers that God may do to you all according to the kindness ye have shown unto me."

It was plain that this lonely, silent man was much moved, and Carmichael did not speak.

"People consider that I am ignorant of my failings and weaknesses, and I can bear witness with a clear conscience that I am not angry when they smile and nod the head; why should I be? But, John, it is known to myself only and Him before whom all hearts are open how great is my suffering in being among my neighbours as a sparrow upon the housetop.

"May you never know, John, what it is to live alone and friendless till you

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lose the ways of other men and retire within yourself, looking out on the multitude passing on the road as a hermit from his cell, and knowing that some day you will die alone, with none to . . . give you a draught of water."

"Rabbi, Rabbi"—for Carmichael was greatly distressed at the woe in the face opposite him, and his heart was tender that night—"why should you have lived like that? Do not be angry, but . . . did God intend . . . it cannot be wrong . . . I mean . . . God did give Eve to Adam."

"Laddie, why do ye speak with fear and a faltering voice? Did I say aught against that gracious gift or the holy mystery of love, which is surely the sign of the union betwixt God and the soul, as is set forth after a mystical shape in the Song of Songs? But it was not for me—no, not for me. I complain not, neither have I vexed my soul. He doeth all things well."

"But, dear Rabbi"—and Carmichael hesitated, not knowing where he stood.

"Ye ask me why"—the Rabbi anticipated the question—"and I will tell you plainly, for my heart has ever gone forth to you. For long years I found no favour in the eyes of the Church, and it seemed likely I would be rejected from the ministry as a man useless and unprofitable. How could I attempt to win the love of any maiden, since it did not appear to be the will of God that I should ever have a place of habitation? It consisted not with honour, for I do hold firmly that no man hath any right to seek unto himself a wife till he have a home."

"But . . ."

"Afterwards, you would say. Ah, John, then had I become old and unsightly, not such a one as women could care for. It would have been cruel to tie a maid for life to one who might only be forty years in age, but was as seventy in his pilgrimage, and . . . fallen into unlovely habits."

Then the Rabbi turned on Carmichael his tender eyes, that were shining with tears.

"It will be otherwise with you, and so let it be. May I live to see you rejoicing with the wife of your youth."

So it came to pass that Carmichael first told his new-born love to this unlikely confidant, and was amazed at the understanding of the Rabbi, as well as his sympathy and toleration.

"A maid of spirit and of a firm mind—and that is an excellent thing; and any excess will be tamed by life. Only see to it that ye be agreed in that which lieth beneath all churches and maketh souls one in God. May He prosper you in your wooing as He did the patriarch Jacob, and far more abundantly."

Very early in the morning Carmichael awoke, and being tempted by the sunrise, arose and went downstairs. As he came near the study door he heard a voice in prayer, and knew that the Rabbi had been all night in intercession.

"Thou hast denied me wife and child; deny me not Thyself. . . . A stranger Thou hast made me among men; refuse me not a place in the City. . . . Deal graciously with this lad who has been to me as a son in the Gospel. . . . He has not despised an old man; put not his heart to confusion. . . ."

Carmichael crept upstairs again, but not to sleep, and at breakfast he pledged the Rabbi to come up some day and see Kate Carnegie.

(To be continued.)

THE SUPPLIANT.

"O Dewdrop, lay thy finger-tip
Of moisture on my fevered lip,"
The noonday Blossom cries.
"Alas, O Dives, dark and deep
The gulf impassable of Sleep
Henceforth between us lies!"

John B. Tabb.

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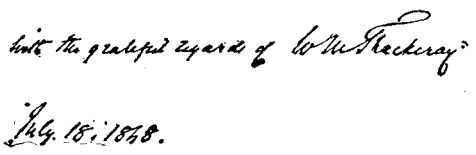
MRS. GASKELL AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

In the whole of English biographical literature there is no book that can compare, in widespread interest, with the *Life of Charlotte Brontë* by Mrs. Gaskell. It has held a position of singular popularity for forty years; and while biography after biography has come and gone, it still commands a place side by side with Boswell's *Johnson* and Lockhart's *Scott*. As far as mere readers are concerned it may indeed claim its hundreds as against the tens of intrinsically more important rivals. There are obvious reasons for this success. Mrs. Gaskell was herself a popular novelist, who commanded a very wide audience, and *Cranford*, at least, has taken a place among the classics of our literature. She brought to bear upon the biography of Charlotte Brontë all those literary gifts which had made the charm of her seven volumes of romance. And these literary gifts were employed upon a romance of real life, not less fascinating than anything which imagination could have furnished. Charlotte Brontë's success as an author turned the eyes of the world upon her. Thackeray had sent her his *Vanity Fair* before he knew her name or sex. The precious volume lies before me—

ANNE BRONTË.

From a pencil sketch by Charlotte, imperfect in drawing, but said by those who knew her well to be an unmistakable likeness.



And Thackeray did not send many inscribed copies of his books even to successful authors. Speculation concerning the author of *Jane Eyre* was sufficiently rife during those seven sad years of literary renown to make a biography imperative when death came to Charlotte Brontë in 1855. All the world had heard something of the three marvellous sisters, daughters of a poor parson in Yorkshire, going one after another to their death with such melancholy swiftness, but leaving—two of them, at least—imperishable work behind them. The old blind father and the bereaved husband read the confused eulogy and criticism, sometimes with a sad pleasure at the praise, oftener with a sadder pain at the grotesque inaccuracy. Small wonder that it became impressed upon Mr. Brontë's mind that an authoritative biography was desirable. His son-in-law, Mr. Arthur Bell Nicholls, who lived with him in the Haworth parsonage during the six weary years which succeeded Mrs. Nicholls's death, was not so readily won to the unveiling of his wife's inner life; and although we, who read Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*, have every reason to be thankful for Mr. Brontë's decision, peace of mind would undoubtedly have been more assured to Charlotte Brontë's surviving relatives had the most rigid silence been maintained. The book, when it appeared in 1857, gave infinite pain to a number of peo-

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ple, including Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls; and Mrs. Gaskell's subsequent experiences had the effect of persuading her that all biographical literature was intolerable and undesirable. She would seem to have given instructions that no biography of herself should be written; and now that thirty years have passed since her death we have no substantial record of one of the most fascinating women of her age. The loss to literature has been forcibly brought home to the present writer, who has in his possession a bundle of letters written by Mrs. Gaskell to numerous friends of Charlotte Brontë during the progress of the biography. They serve, all of them, to impress one with the singular charm of the woman, her refined humanity, her breadth of sympathy. They make us think better of Mrs. Gaskell, as Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield make us think better of the author of *Vanity Fair*.

Apart from these letters, a journey in the footsteps, as it were, of Mrs. Gaskell, reveals to us the remarkable conscientiousness with which she set out upon her task. It would have been possible, with so much fame behind her, to have secured an equal success, and certainly an equal pecuniary reward, had she merely written a brief monograph with such material as was voluntarily placed in her hands. Mrs. Gaskell possessed a higher ideal of a biographer's duties. She spared no pains to find out the facts; she visited every spot associated with the name of Charlotte Brontë —Thornhill, Haworth, Cowan Bridge, Birstall, Brussels—and she wrote countless letters to the friends of Charlotte Brontë's earlier days.

But why, it may be asked, was Mrs. Gaskell selected as biographer? The choice was made by Mr. Brontë, and not, as has been suggested, by some outside influence. When Mr. Brontë had once decided that there should be an authoritative biography—and he alone was active in the matter—there could be but little doubt upon whom the task would fall. Among all the friends whom fame had brought to Charlotte, Mrs. Gaskell stood prominent for her literary gifts and her large-hearted sympathy. She had made the acquaintance of Miss Brontë when the latter was on a visit to Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, in 1850; and the following letter to Mr. W. S. Williams,* of the firm of Smith and Elder, in 1849, indicates the beginning of their friendship—a friendship which was to leave so permanent a record in literary history:

To W. S. Williams, Esq.

20th November, 1849.

My Dear Sir: You said that if I wished for any copies of *Shirley* to be sent to individuals I was to name the parties. I have thought of one person to whom I should much like a copy to be offered—Harriet Martineau. For her character—as revealed in her works—I have a lively admiration, a deep esteem. Will you enclose with the volume the accompanying note?

The letter you forwarded this morning was from Mrs. Gaskell, authoress of *Mary Barton*: she said I was not to answer it, but I cannot help doing so; the note brought the tears to my eyes; she is a good—she is a great woman—proud am I that I can touch a chord of sympathy in souls so noble. In Mrs. Gaskell's nature it mournfully pleases me to fancy a remote affinity to my sister Emily—in Miss Martineau's mind I have always felt the same, though there are wide differences. Both these ladies are above me—certainly far my superiors in attainments and experience. I think I could look up to them if I knew them.

I am, dear sir,

Yours sincerely,

C. Brontë.

Miss Brontë twice visited Mrs. Gaskell in her Manchester home, first in 1851 and afterward in 1853, and concerning this latter visit, the following unpublished letter has come into my hands:—

Haworth, April 14, 1853.

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell: Would it suit you if I were to come next Thursday, the 21st?

If that day tallies with your convenience, and if my father continues as well as he is now, I know of no engagement on my part which need compel me longer to defer the pleasure of seeing you.

I should arrive by the train which reaches Manchester at 7 o'clock P.M. That, I think, would be about your tea-time, and, of course, I should dine before leaving home. I always like evening for an arrival; it seems more cosy and pleasant than coming in about the busy middle of the day. I think if I stay a week that will be a very long visit; it will give you time to get well tired of me.

Remember me very kindly to Mr. Gaskell and Marianna. As to Mesdames Flossy and Julia, those venerable ladies are requested beforehand to make due allowance for the awe with which they will be sure to impress a diffident admirer. I am sorry I shall not see Meta.

Believe me, my dear Mrs. Gaskell,

Yours affectionately and sincerely,

C. Brontë.

* Facilities for publishing the above and, indeed, all the letters written by Charlotte Brontë to their father, Mr. W. S. Williams, in my forthcoming book, *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, have been kindly given me by Mr. and Mrs. Baumer Williams. The Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, Charlotte Brontë's husband and literary executor, has accorded the necessary permission for their publication.

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In the autumn of 1853 Mrs. Gaskell returned Charlotte Brontë's visit at Haworth. Professor Ward* is mistaken, however, in stating that she was at Charlotte Brontë's wedding in Haworth Church.

But the friendship, which commenced so late in Charlotte Brontë's life, never reached the stage of downright intimacy. Of this there is abundant evidence in the biography; and Mrs. Gaskell was forced to rely upon the correspondence of older friends of Charlotte's. Mr. George Smith, the head of the firm of Smith and Elder, furnished some twenty letters. Mr. W. S. Williams, to whom is due the credit of "discovering" the author of *Jane Eyre*, lent others; and another member of Messrs. Smith and Elder's staff, Mr. James Taylor, furnished half a dozen more; but the best help came from another quarter.

MRS. GASKELL, AUTHOR OF "LIFE OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË."

Of the two schoolfellows with whom Charlotte Brontë regularly corresponded from childhood till death, Mary Taylor and Ellen Nussey, the former had destroyed every letter; and thus it came about that by far the larger part of the correspondence in Mrs. Gaskell's biography was addressed to Miss Ellen Nussey, now as "My dearest Nell," now simply as "E." The unpublished correspondence in my hands, which refers to the biography, opens with a letter from Mrs. Gaskell to Miss Nussey, dated July 6th, 1855. It relates how, in accordance with a request from Mr. Brontë, she had undertaken to write the work, and had been over to Haworth. There she had made the acquaintance of Mr. Nicholls for the first time. She told Mr. Brontë how much she felt the difficulty of the task she had undertaken. Nevertheless, she sincerely desired to make his daughter's character known to all who took deep interest in her writings. Both Mr. Brontë and Mr. Nicholls agreed to help to the utmost, although Mrs. Gaskell was struck by the fact that it was Mr. Nicholls, and not Mr. Brontë, who was more intellectually alive to the attraction which such

* A. W. W. in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxi.

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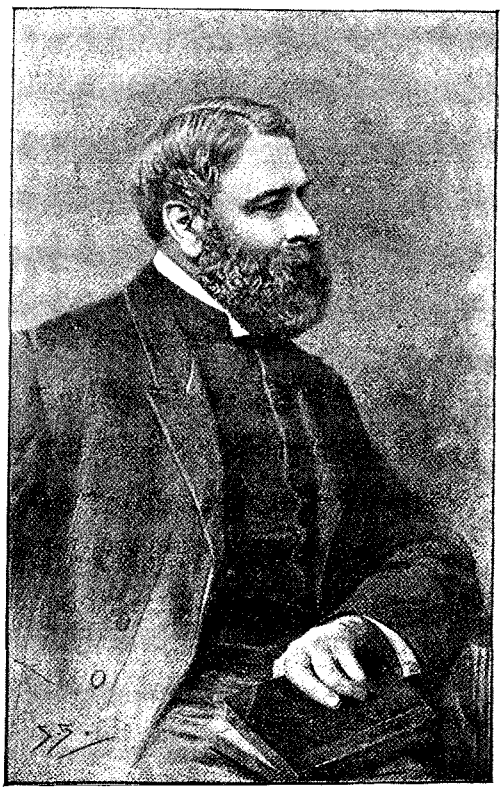

REV. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS.

Charlotte Brontë's husband.

a book would have for the public. His feelings were opposed to any biography at all; but he had yielded to Mr. Brontë's "impetuous wish," and he brought down all the materials he could find, in the shape of about a dozen letters. Mr. Nicholls, moreover, told Mrs. Gaskell that Miss Nussey was the person of all others to apply to; that she had been the friend of his wife ever since Charlotte was fifteen, and that he was writing to Miss Nussey to beg her to let Mrs. Gaskell see some of the correspondence.

But here is Mr. Nicholls's actual letter, unearthed after forty years, as well as an earlier letter to Miss Nussey, which would seem to indicate a suggestion upon the part of "E." that some attempt should be made to furnish a biography of her friend—if only to set at rest, once and for all, the speculations of the gossiping community with whom Charlotte Brontë's personality was still shrouded in mystery; and indeed it is clear from these two letters that it is to Miss Nussey that we really owe Mrs. Gaskell's participation in the matter:—

To Miss Ellen Nussey, Brookroyd.

HAWORTH,

June 11, 1855.

DEAR MISS NUSSEY: We had not seen the article in *Sharpe*, and very possibly should not, if you had not directed our attention to it. We ordered a copy and have now read "the few words about *Jane Eyre*." The writer has certainly made many mistakes, but apparently not from any unkind motive, as he professes to be an admirer of Charlotte's works, pays a just tribute to her genius, and in common with thousands deplores her untimely death. His design seems rather to be to gratify the curiosity of the multitude in reference to one who had made such a sensation in the literary world. But even if the article had been of a less harmless character, we should not have felt inclined to take any notice of it, as by doing so we should have given it an importance which it would not otherwise have obtained. Charlotte herself would have acted thus, and her character stands too high to be inspired by the statement in a magazine of small circulation and little influence; statements which the writer prefaces with the remark that he does not vouch for their accuracy. The many laudatory notices of Charlotte and her works which appeared since her death may well make us indifferent to the detractions of a few envious or malignant persons, as there ever will be such.

The remarks respecting Mr. Brontë excited in him only amusement—indeed, I have not seen him laugh as much for some months as he did while I was reading the article to him. We are both well in health, but lonely and desolate.

Mr. Brontë unites with me in kind regards.

Yours sincerely,

A. B. NICHOLLS.

To Miss Ellen Nussey, Brookroyd.

HAWORTH,

July 24, 1855.

DEAR MISS NUSSEY: Some other erroneous notices of Charlotte having appeared, Mr. Brontë has deemed it advisable that some authentic statement should be put forth. He has therefore adopted your suggestion and applied to Mrs. Gaskell, who has undertaken to write a life of Charlotte. Mrs. Gaskell came over yesterday and spent a few hours with us. The greatest difficulty seems to be in obtaining materials to show the development of Charlotte's character. For this reason Mrs. Gaskell is anxious to see her letters, especially those of any early date. I think I understood you to say that you had some; if so, we should feel obliged by your letting us have any that you may think proper, not for publication, but merely to give the writer an insight into her mode of thought. Of course, they will be returned after a little time.

I confess that the course most consonant with my own feelings would be to take no steps in the matter, but I do not think it right to offer any opposition to Mr. Brontë's wishes.

We have the same object in view, but should differ in our mode of proceeding. Mr. Brontë has not been very well. Excitement on Sunday

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(our Rush-bearing) and Mrs. Gaskell's visit yesterday have been rather much for him.

Believe me, sincerely yours,
A. B. NICHOLLS.

Mrs. Gaskell, however, wanted to make Miss Nussey's acquaintance, and asked if she might visit her; and added that she would also like to see Miss Wooler, Charlotte's schoolmistress, if that lady were still alive. To this letter Miss Nussey made the following reply, of which she kept a copy, and which she kindly permits me to publish:—

To Mrs. Gaskell, Manchester.

ILKLEY, July 26, 1855.

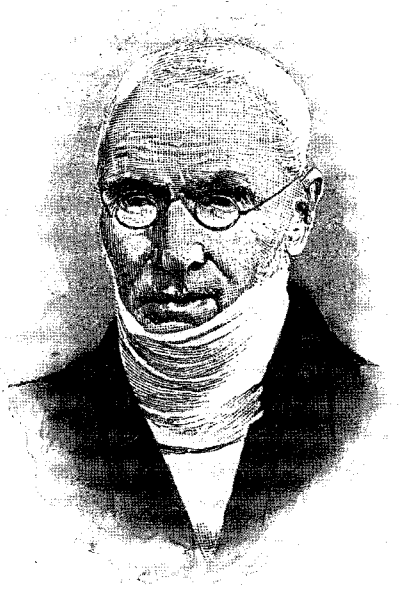
MY DEAR MADAM: Owing to my absence from home your letter has only just reached me. I had not heard of Mr. Brontë's request, but I am most heartily glad that he has made it. A letter from Mr. Nicholls was forwarded along with yours, which I opened first, and was thus prepared for your communication, the subject of which is of the deepest interest to me. I will do everything in my power to aid the righteous work you have undertaken, but I feel my powers very limited, and apprehend that you may experience some disappointment that I cannot contribute more largely the information which you desire. I possess a great many letters (for I have destroyed but a small portion of the correspondence), but I fear the early letters are not such as to unfold the character of the writer except in a few points. You perhaps may discover more than is apparent to me. You will read them with a purpose—I perused them only with interests of affection. I will immediately look over the correspondence, and I promise to let you see all that I can confide to your friendly custody. I regret that my absence from home should have made it impossible for me to have the pleasure of seeing you at Birstall at the time you propose. I am engaged to stay here till Monday week, and shall be happy to see you any day you name after that date, or if more convenient to you to come Friday or Saturday in next week, I will gladly return in time to give you the meeting. I am staying with our schoolmistress, Miss Wooler, in this place. I wish her very much to give me leave to ask you here, but she does not yield to my wishes; it would have been pleasanter to me to talk with you among these hills than sitting in my home and thinking of one who had so often been present there.

I am, my dear madam,
Yours sincerely,
ELLEN NUSSEY.

Mrs. Gaskell and Miss Nussey met, and the friendship which ensued was closed only by death; and indeed one of the most beautiful letters in the collection in my hands is one signed "Meta Gaskell," and dated January 22d, 1866. It tells in detail, with infinite tenderness and pathos, of her mother's last moments. That, however, was ten years later than the period with which we are concerned. In 1856 Mrs. Gaskell was energetically engaged upon a biography of her friend which should lack nothing of thoroughness, as she hoped. She claimed to have visited the scenes of all the incidents in Charlotte's life, "the

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

From a portrait selected by Martha Brown, the faithful servant who nursed all the Brontës, as by far the best of the various photographs.



REV. PATRICK BRONTË.

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EMILY BRONTË, FROM A PORTRAIT DRAWN BY CHARLOTTE

two little pieces of private governess-ship excepted." She went one day, for example, to the Chapter Coffee House, where the sisters first stayed in London. Another day she is in Yorkshire, where she makes the acquaintance of Miss Wooler, which permitted, as she said, "a more friendly manner of writing toward Charlotte Brontë's old schoolmistress." Again she is in Brussels, where Madame Heger refused to see her, although M. Heger was kind and communicative. Her countless questions were exceedingly interesting. They covered many pages of note-paper. "Did Branwell Brontë know of the publication of *Jane Eyre*," she asks, "and how did he receive the news?" Mrs. Gaskell was persuaded in her own mind that he had never known of its publication. Charlotte had distinctly informed her that he was not in a fit condition at the time to be told. "Where did the girls get the books which they read so continually? Did Emily accompany Charlotte as a pupil when the latter went as a teacher to Roe Head? Why did not Branwell go to the Royal Academy in London to learn painting? Did Emily ever go out as a governess? What were Emily's religious opinions? Did *she* ever make friends?" Such were the questions which came quick and fast to Miss Nussey, and Miss Nussey fortunately kept her replies.

BROOKROYD, October 22, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. GASKELL: If you go to London pray try what may be done with regard to a portrait of dear Charlotte; it would greatly enhance the value and interest of the memoir, and be such a satisfaction to people to see something that would settle their ideas of the personal appearance of the dear departed one; it has been a surprise to every stranger, I think, that she was so gentle and lady-like to look upon.

Emily Brontë went to Roe Head as pupil when Charlotte went as teacher; she stayed there but two months; she never settled, and was ill from nothing but home-sickness. Anne took her place and remained about two years. Emily was a teacher for one six months in a ladies' school in Halifax or the neighbourhood. I do not know whether it was conduct or want of finances that prevented Branwell from going to the Royal Academy. Probably there were impediments of both kinds.

I am afraid if you give me my name I shall feel a prominence in the book that I altogether shrink from; my very last wish would be to appear in the book more than is absolutely necessary; if it were possible I would choose not to be known at all. It is my friend only that I care to see and recognise, though your framing and setting of the picture will very greatly enhance its value.

I am, my dear Mrs. Gaskell,
Yours very sincerely,
ELLEN NUSSEY.

The book was published in two volumes, under the title of the *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, in the spring of 1857. At first all was well. Mr. Brontë's earliest acknowledgment of the book was one of approbation. Sir James Shuttleworth expressed the hope that Mr. Nicholls would "rejoice that his wife would be known as a Christian heroine who

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could bear her cross with the firmness of a martyr saint." Canon Kingsley wrote a charming letter to Mrs. Gaskell, published in his *Life*, and more than once reprinted since.

He writes from St. Leonards under date May 14th, 1857 :

> Let me renew our long, interrupted acquaintance by complimenting you on poor Miss Brontë's *Life*. You have had a delicate and a great work to do, and you have done it admirably Be sure that the book will do good. It will shame literary people into some stronger belief that a simple, virtuous, practical home life is consistent with high imaginative genius ; and it will shame, too, the prudery of a not over cleanly though carefully white washed age, into believing that purity is now (as in all ages till now) quite compatible with the knowledge of evil. I confess that the book has made me ashamed of myself. *Jane Eyre* I hardly looked into, very seldom reading a work of fiction—yours, indeed, and Thackeray's are the only ones I care to open. *Shirley* disgusted me at the opening, and I gave up the writer and her books with a notion that she was a person who liked coarseness. How I misjudged her! and how thankful I am that I never put a word of my misconceptions into print, or recorded my misjudgments of one who is a whole heaven above me.
>
> Well have you done your work, and given us the picture of a valiant woman made perfect by suffering. I shall now read carefully and lovingly every word she has written, especially those poems, which ought not to have fallen dead as they did, and which seem to be (from a review in the current *Fraser*) of remarkable strength and purity.

FROM A CHALK DRAWING BY BRANWELL BRONTË.

It was a short-lived triumph, however, and Mrs. Gaskell soon found herself, as she expressed it, "in a veritable hornet's nest." Mr. Brontë, to begin with, did not care for the references to himself and the suggestion that he had treated his wife unkindly. Mrs. Gaskell had associated him with numerous eccentricities and ebullitions of temper, which during his later years he always asserted, and undoubtedly with perfect truth, were, at the best, the fabrications of a dismissed servant. Mr. Nicholls had also his grievance. There was just a suspicion implied that he had not been quite the most sympathetic of husbands. The suspicion was absolutely ill-founded, and arose from Mr. Nicholls's intense shyness. But neither Mr. Brontë nor Mr. Nicholls gave Mrs. Gaskell much trouble. They, at any rate, were silent. Trouble, however, came from many quarters. Yorkshire people resented the air of patronage with which, as it seemed to them, a good Lancashire lady had taken their county in hand. They were not quite the backward savages, they retorted, which some of Mrs. Gaskell's descriptions in the beginning of her book would seem to suggest. Between Lancashire and Yorkshire there is always a suspicion of jealousy. It was intensified for the moment by these sombre pictures of "this lawless, yet not unkindly population." A son-in-law of Mr. Redhead wrote to deny the account of that clergyman's association with Haworth. Miss Martineau wrote sheet after sheet explanatory of her relations with Charlotte Brontë. In one passage Mrs. Gaskell had spoken of wasteful young servants, and the young

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FROM A DRAWING BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË OF HER LITTLE DOG FLOSSIE.

servants in question came upon Mr. Brontë for the following testimonial:

Haworth, August 17, 1857.

I beg leave to state to all whom it may concern, that Nancy and Sarah Garrs, during the time they were in my service, were kind to my children, and honest, and not wasteful, but sufficiently careful in regard to food, and all other articles committed to their charge.

P. Brontë, A.B.,
Incumbent of Haworth, Yorkshire.

Three whole pages were devoted to the dramatic recital of a scandal at Haworth, and this entirely disappears from the second edition. A casual reference to a girl who had been seduced, and had found a friend in Miss Brontë, gave further trouble. "I have altered the word 'seduced' to 'betrayed,'" writes Mrs. Gaskell to Martha Brown, "and I hope that this will satisfy the unhappy girl's friends." But all these were small matters compared with the Cowan Bridge controversy and the threatened legal proceedings over Branwell Brontë's suggested love affairs. Mrs. Gaskell defended the description in *Jane Eyre* of Cowan Bridge with peculiar vigour. Mr. Carus Wilson, the Brocklehurst of *Jane Eyre*, and his friends were furious. They threatened an action, there were letters in the *Times* and letters in the *Daily News*. Mr. Nicholls broke silence—the only time in the forty years that he has done so—with two admirable letters in the *Halifax Guardian*. The Cowan Bridge controversy was a drawn battle, in spite of numerous and glowing testimonials to the virtues of Mr. Carus Wilson. Most people who know anything of the average private schools of half a century ago are satisfied that Charlotte Brontë's description was substantially correct. The Branwell matter was more serious. Here Mrs. Gaskell had, indeed, shown a singular recklessness. The lady referred to by Branwell was Mrs. Robinson, the wife of the Rev. Edmund Robinson, of Thorp Green, and afterward Lady Scott. Anne Brontë was governess in her family for two years, and Branwell tutor to the son for a few months. Branwell, under the influence of opium, made certain statements about his relations with Mrs. Robinson which have been effectually disproved, although they were implicitly believed by the Brontë girls, who, woman-like, were naturally ready to regard a woman as the ruin of a beloved brother. The recklessness of Mrs. Gaskell in accepting such inadequate testimony can be explained only on the assumption that she had a romancer's satisfaction in the romance which the "bad woman" theory supplied. She wasted a consid-

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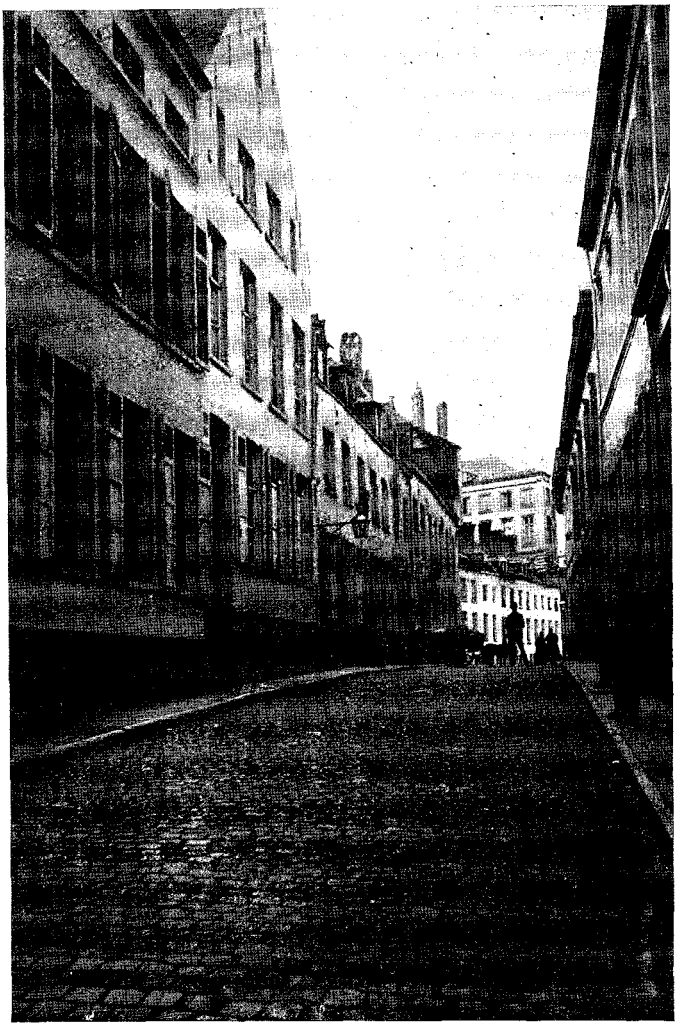
erable amount of rhetoric upon it. "When the fatal attack came on," she says, "his pockets were found filled with old letters from the woman to whom he was attached. He died! she lives still, in Mayfair"—and so on, and so on. If any love-letters were found in Branwell Brontë's pockets he must have forged them to keep up his wild and criminal delusion; but it is well-nigh certain that there were not. When Mrs. Gaskell's husband came post-haste to Haworth to ask for proofs of Mrs. Robinson's complicity in Branwell's downfall, none were obtainable. I am assured by Mr. Leslie Stephen that Sir James Fitzjames Stephen was employed at the time to make careful inquiry, and that he and other eminent lawyers came to the conclusion that it was one long tissue of lies or hallucinations. The subject is sufficiently sordid, and indeed almost redundant in any biography of the Brontës; but it is of moment because Charlotte Brontë and her sisters were so thoroughly persuaded that a woman was at the bottom of their brother's ruin; and this belief Charlotte impressed upon all the friends who were nearest and dearest to her. Her letters at the time of her brother's death are full of censure of the supposed wickedness of another. It was a cruel infamy that the word of this wretched boy should have been so powerful for mischief. Here, at any rate, Mrs. Gaskell did not show the caution which a masculine biographer, less prone to take literally a man's accounts of his amours, would undoubtedly have displayed.

Yet, when all is said, Mrs. Gaskell had done her work thoroughly and well. Lockhart's *Scott* and Froude's *Carlyle* are examples of great biographies which called forth abundant censure upon their publication; yet both these books will live as classics of their kind. To be interesting, it is perhaps indispensable that the biographer should be indiscreet, and certainly the Branwell incident—a matter of two or three pages—is the only part of Mrs. Gaskell's biography in which indiscretion becomes indefensible. And for this she suffered cruelly. "I did so try to tell the truth," she said to a friend, "and I believe *now* I hit as near to the truth as any one could do."



THE RUE D'ISABELLE, BRUSSELS, SHOWING THE PENSIONNAT WHERE CHARLOTTE STUDIED.

M. Heger, Charlotte's teacher and the original of M. Pelet and M. Paul Emanuel, immortalised in *The Professor* and *Villette*, is still living.

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"I weighed every line with my whole power and heart," she said on another occasion, "so that every line should go to its great purpose of making *her* known and valued, as one who had gone through such a terrible life with a brave and faithful heart." And that clearly Mrs. Gaskell succeeded in doing. It is quite certain that Charlotte Brontë would not stand on so splendid a pedestal to-day but for the single-minded devotion of her accomplished biographer.

It has sometimes been implied that the portrait drawn by Mrs. Gaskell was far too sombre, that there are passages —since printed by Sir Wemyss Reid— in Charlotte's letters which show that ofttimes her heart was merry and her life sufficiently cheerful. That there were long periods of gaiety for all the three sisters, surely no one ever doubted. To few people, fortunately, is it given to have lives wholly without happiness. And yet, when all this is acknowledged, how can one say that the picture was too gloomy? Taken as a whole, the life of Charlotte Brontë is among the saddest in literature. At a miserable school, where she herself was unhappy, she saw her two elder sisters stricken down and carried home to die. In her home was the narrowest poverty. She had, in the years when that was most essential, no mother's care; and perhaps there was a somewhat too rigid disciplinarian in the aunt who took the mother's place. Her second school brought her, indeed, two kind friends; but her shyness made that school-life in itself a prolonged tragedy. Of the two experiences as a private governess I shall have more to say. They were periods of torture to her sensitive nature. The ambition of the three girls to start a school on their own account failed ignominiously. The suppressed vitality of childhood and early womanhood made Charlotte unable to enter with sympathy and toleration into the life of a foreign city, and Brussels was for her a further disaster. Then, within two years, just as literary fame was bringing its consolation for the trials of the past, she saw her two beloved sisters taken from her. And, finally, when at last a good man won her love, there were left to her only nine months of happy married life. "I am not going to die. We have been so happy." These words to her husband on her death-bed are not the least piteously sad in her tragic story. That her life was a tragedy, was the opinion of the friend with whom on the intellectual side she had most in common. Miss Mary Taylor wrote to Mrs. Gaskell the following letter from New Zealand upon receipt of the *Life*:

My Dear Mrs. Gaskell: I am unaccountably in receipt by post of two vols. containing the *Life of C. Brontë*. I have pleasure in attributing this compliment to you; I beg, therefore, to thank you for them. The book is a perfect success, in giving a true picture of her melancholy life, and you have practically answered my puzzle as to how you would give an account of her, not being at liberty to give a true description of those around. Though not so gloomy as the truth, it is perhaps as much so as people will accept without calling it exaggerated and feeling the desire to doubt and contradict it. I have seen two reviews of it. One of them sums it up as "a life of poverty and self-suppression," the other has nothing to the purpose at all. Neither of them seems to think it a strange or wrong state of things that a woman of first rate talents, industry, and integrity should live all her life in a waking nightmare of "poverty and self-suppression." I doubt whether any of them will.

It must upset most people's notions of beauty to be told that the portrait at the beginning is that of an ugly woman. I do not altogether like the idea of publishing a flattered likeness. I had rather the mouth and eyes had been nearer together, and shown the veritable square face, and large disproportionate nose.

I had the impression that Cartwright's mill was burnt in 1820, not in 1812. You give much too favourable an account of the black-coated and Tory savages that kept the people down, and provoked excesses in those days. Old Robertson said he "would wade to the knees in blood rather than the then state of things should be altered." A state including Corn law, Test law, and a host of other oppressions.

Once more I thank you for the book; the first copy, I believe, that arrived in New Zealand.

Sincerely yours,
Mary Taylor.

Wellington, July 30, 1857.

And in another letter, written a little later (January 28th, 1858), Miss Mary Taylor writes to Miss Ellen Nussey in a similar strain. She says:

"Your account of Mrs. Gaskell's book was very interesting. She seems a hasty, impulsive person, and the needful drawing back after her warmth gives her an inconsistent look. Yet I doubt not her book will be of great use. You must be aware that many strange notions as to the kind of person Charlotte really was, will be done away with by a knowledge of the true facts of her life. I have heard imperfectly of farther printing on the subject. As to the mutilated edition that is to come, I am sorry for it. Libellous or not, the first edition was all true, and except the declamation all, in my opinion, useful to be published. Of course I don't know how far necessity may

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make Mrs. Gaskell give them up. You know one dare not always say the world moves."*

We who do know the whole story in fullest detail will understand that it was desirable to "mutilate" the book, and that, indeed, truth did in some manner require it. But with these letters of Miss Mary Taylor's before us, let us not hear again that the story of Charlotte Brontë's life was not in its main features accurately and adequately told by her gifted biographer.

* * * * *

Forty Years Later.

It was many years after the publication of Mrs. Gaskell's book before any further attempt was made to enter the field of Brontë biography. Mr. (now Sir) Wemyss Reid was the first to supplement what had been written. His book was published exactly twenty years after Mrs. Gaskell's—in 1877—under the title of *Charlotte Brontë: a Monograph;* and it owes its origin to Sir Wemyss Reid's friendship with Miss Ellen Nussey—Charlotte Brontë's school friend, who lived and still lives in the neighbourhood of Leeds. Sir Wemyss Reid was the editor of the *Leeds Mercury*. He had come to the conclusion, from conversation with Miss Nussey, that Mrs. Gaskell had given rather too sombre a character to the story of the Brontë family. In reading over the abundant correspondence in Miss Nussey's possession, he found passage after passage which showed indications of a happy and genial atmosphere surrounding the Brontë children. Added to this, the fact that there were a great number of letters to Miss Nussey which had not been published at all, and others which had only appeared in small fragments, and one sees a ready justification for Sir Wemyss Reid's *Monograph*, which was gracefully written, and received a cordial reception. Mr. Swinburne wrote his famous *Note on Charlotte Brontë* the same year, as a kind of criticism of Sir Wemyss Reid's book. It was, in fact, a review in the *Spectator* of the *Monograph*, in which it was stated that "the work of Charlotte Brontë would some day be regarded as evidences of exceptional intellectual power," which drew from Mr. Swinburne his *Note*. Intellectual power! To the poet "the names of Charlotte and Emily Brontë made up with Mrs. Browning a perfect trinity for England of highest female fame."

Haworth Past and Present, by Mr. Horsfall Turner, was published in 1879; and *The Birthplace of Charlotte Brontë*, by Mr. William Scrutton, in 1884. Miss Mary Robinson's *Emily Brontë* appeared a year earlier, and Mr. Francis Grundy's *Pictures of the Past*, and Mr. Francis Leyland's *The Brontë Family*, both added largely to our knowledge of the unattractive personality of Branwell Brontë. Mr. Augustine Birrell wrote a pleasant little sketch of Charlotte Brontë in 1887, in which he told over again the story with his accustomed brilliancy. *The Brontë Country*, by Mr. Erskine Stuart in 1888, and *The Brontës in Ireland*, by Dr. Wright in 1895, practically complete the list of books dealing with the subject. Entering late upon the field, I desire to acknowledge the pleasure and the interest with which I have read every one of these books; although I am naturally not indisposed to emphasise the fact that they all lack the condition under which Mrs. Gaskell's biography was undertaken, and under which I have now engaged in an attempt to supplement them—that is to say, the sanction of Charlotte Brontë's husband and literary executor. Without that sanction it was not legally possible to publish a single letter written by the author of *Jane Eyre*.

Three or four years have gone by since Miss Ellen Nussey placed in my hands a printed volume of some 400 pages, which bore no publisher's name, but contained upon its title-page the statement that it was *The Story of Charlotte Brontë's Life as told through her Letters*. These are the letters—370 in number—which Miss Nussey had lent to Mrs. Gaskell and to Sir Wemyss Reid. Of these 370 letters Mrs. Gaskell published quite 100, and Sir Wemyss Reid an additional 40. It was explained to me that the volume had been privately printed under a misconception, and that only some dozen copies were extant. Miss Nussey kindly asked me, knowing my interest in the subject, if I would undertake to write something around what might remain of the unpublished letters; and if I saw my way to do anything which would add to the public

* These letters are published by permission of Mr. Joshua Taylor, the late Miss Mary Taylor's executor.

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appreciation of the friend who from early childhood until now has been the most absorbing interest of her life. A careful study of the volume made it perfectly clear to me that there were still some of these letters which might with advantage be added to the Brontë story ; and that there were others which forty years ago, and even twenty years ago, needed to be safeguarded by the tantalising veil of initials and dashes, but could now be made to speak more effectively without the necessity for secrecy. At the same time arose the possibility of some veto being placed upon their publication. An examination of Charlotte Brontë's will, which was proved at York by her husband, the Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, in 1855, suggested abundant misgivings. I made up my mind to try and see Mr. Nicholls. I had heard of his disinclination to be in any way associated with the controversy which had gathered round his wife for all these years ; but I wrote to him nevertheless, and received a cordial invitation to visit him in his Irish home.

It was exactly forty years to a day after Charlotte died, when I alighted at the station in a quiet little town in the centre of Ireland, to receive the cordial handclasp of the man into whose keeping Charlotte Brontë had given her life. It was one of many visits, and the beginning of an interesting correspondence. Mr. Nicholls placed all the papers in his possession in my hands. They were more varied and more abundant than I could possibly have anticipated. They included MSS. of childhood, of which so much has been said, and stories of later life, one fragment indeed being apparently later than the "Emma" which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for 1856, with a note by Thackeray. Here were the letters which Charlotte Brontë had written to her brother and to her sisters during her second sojourn in Brussels. Here was the very letter addressed to her aunt when she was anxious to make the experiment of foreign schooling. Here also were the love-letters of Miss Maria Branwell to her lover Patrick Brontë, which are referred to in Mrs. Gaskell's biography. But this is neither the place nor the time in which to describe the material in my possession. It is sufficient to say that it has been supplemented from many sources, and that Mr. Nicholls's permission and assistance have secured for me the cordial help of many of Charlotte Brontë's friends. The son and executor of Mr. W. S. Williams has placed the complete series of his father's letters in my keeping, and these letters, only a few of which were seen by Mrs. Gaskell, were described by her as by far the most beautiful and interesting that she had read. The executors of Miss Mary Taylor and of Mr. James Taylor—two friends of Charlotte Brontë's, who, curiously enough, were in no way related—have given me permission to publish correspondence. The lady from whose letters Mrs. Gaskell quotes as the "Brussels friend," and whose name has never yet appeared in any biography of the Brontës, has lent me letters and furnished valuable reminiscences of her school-days with Charlotte Brontë at the Pensionnat Heger ; and from every quarter I have received valuable help.

The new material, in brief, includes several hundred hitherto unpublished letters and numerous other documents of considerable novelty and literary interest. The Brontë cult, it is acknowledged on all hands, is rather growing than declining with the flying years, and it is hoped that the material thus gathered together may do something, however slight, to still further augment the number of Charlotte Brontë's admirers.

Clement K. Shorter.

WISHES.

Each day to live one moment far from earth,
Childlike to yearn above the green of spring,
To chase the ardent stars on wonder-wing,
And give wild fancy back her wonted girth !

Philip Becker Goetz.

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LIVING CRITICS.

VII.—Mr. Coventry Patmore.

Mr. Coventry Patmore is among those of the critics of his time who have earned the right to criticise the considerable performances of others by considerable performances of their own. No one, it is to be supposed, will now dispute either the significance or the permanency of the addition which he has made to the poetical literature of his century, or question that among its characteristics is a strength of intellect which should entitle his critical utterances to a respectful hearing. It cannot be denied that some of the early judges of his poems, including even so sane and mature a censor as Matthew Arnold, were far from impressed with this intellectual force, but the cause was simply, as in Wordsworth's case, impatience with certain prosaic constituents of his poetical work, feeble, no doubt, if regarded in themselves, but rather examples of misdirected strength if viewed in connection with the masculine energy and penetrating sagacity of the far more extensive and important portions of *The Angel in the House*. It is, indeed, somewhat startling to find such loftiness and gravity not seldom in perilous propinquity to the ludicrous, but this is a symptom of the curious duality that runs through Mr. Patmore's work, and sometimes almost seems to part both the poet and the critic in twain. Though it could never have been questioned that *The Angel in the House* and the *Odes* proceeded from the same pen, it is still certain that the latter are by no means the kind of composition that the admirers of the former would have expected from their poet; and equally so that readers only acquainted with the *Odes* must feel considerable surprise on extending their knowledge to *The Angel in the House*. Similar instances may be produced. The Second Part of *Faust*, for instance, bears little visible resemblance to *Götz von Berlichingen*, but in this case the discrepancy is the result of a long harmonious evolution, demonstrably influenced by successive stages of experience and culture, while in Mr. Patmore's it is difficult to trace it to anything, unless perhaps to the effort of composition in a metrical form which makes the greatest demands of the poet, instead of one which lets him down easily. And just as there is a duality in *The Angel in the House*, a sphere of strong sense, intense feeling, and exquisite description contrasted with one of prosaic commonplace; so in the *Odes* pure spiritual rapture and marvellous spiritual introspection contrast with unlovely seethings of political passion. In the critical department of Mr. Patmore's work a corresponding duality exists, perhaps best defined by the remark that he belongs to the exceedingly small class of men who have a stronger hold upon and a more lively apprehension of principles existing in the abstract than of principles embodied in individuals. With ordinary men it is different; such can seldom so much as see a principle until it is incarnated in a person. Mr. Patmore is an extraordinary man, and few things in him are more extraordinary than his constant and quiet enunciation of subtle truths, which a discerning reader receives with thankfulness as invaluable additions to his own intellectual store. At the same time, his imperfect grasp of, or frigid indifference to, the actual works which he professes to be criticis-

COVENTRY PATMORE.

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ing render him much happier in the exposition of such principles than in the application of them.

To enunciate this proposition without endeavouring to establish it by examples would be to fall ourselves into the error which we are imputing to Mr. Patmore. We must, therefore, produce one or two, at the risk of appearing censorious. Among his essays is one on William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, one of the most exquisite of our singers, but whose poems, being written in a provincial dialect, are but little known. Mr. Patmore reveals his own high appreciation of Barnes in the title of his essay, "A Modern Classic," and this is literally nearly all that he does for him. There are several pages of admirable remarks about the principles of art in general, and just two pages about Barnes himself, in which he is rather damaged than otherwise by a wholly gratuitous comparison of his poetry to Spenser's *Epithalamium*. There is praise, to be sure, but it is all *ipse dixit*, not a single line of Barnes himself is quoted in confirmation or illustration, and, unless the reader has much more respect for *ipse dixits* than he ought to have, his case can only be that of the man who beholds his natural face in a glass. The essay closes very inconsistently with a complaint that people do not read Barnes, but how can they be expected to go out of their way to master an unfamiliar dialect unless convinced that it is worth their while? And can they be convinced by two pages of mere assertion? The essay, therefore, is wholly ineffective as concerns its professed purpose, and we can attribute the failure to nothing but Mr. Patmore's indifference to persons in comparison with principles. His admiration for Barnes is sincere, but tepid; the man is nothing to him in comparison with the views which he can be made to suggest. A critic like Macaulay or Carlyle would have got rid of generalities as soon as possible, tackled the man himself, drawn a picture of him which would have set the world gazing, and expatiated upon his beauties in a way to send their readers after his books. Mr. Patmore's indifference to the critic's proper theme—his author—compared to the opportunities a nominal review affords for theorising, is equally exemplified in his very disappointing essay upon one of the most interesting of recent poetical apparitions, Francis Thompson. Mr. Thompson's attitude is the truly remarkable one of a nineteenth-century poet trying to make himself as much of a seventeenth-century poet as he can, and failing doubly by falling short of the beauties of his models on the one hand, while far transcending their extravagances and absurdities on the other. Yet there is so much native genius in this sorely misguided writer that he merely needs to rid himself of his affectations, and to write with the simplicity and gravity of Mr. Patmore himself (whom he cannot but appreciate, since he owns to stealing from him), to become a bright ornament to English poetry, while otherwise the only alternative for him will be kindly oblivion or an immortality of ridicule. Mr. Patmore's refined taste cannot but have been shocked at Mr. Thompson's vagaries, but his interest in his subject is apparently too languid to prompt him to notice them as he should; the advice which it would so well have become the veteran poet to tender, and to which the younger poet would not have been inattentive, is not given, and Mr. Patmore is partly responsible for the publication of a second example from the same hand of genius expended in grieving the judicious.

If we are right in considering Mr. Patmore's most serious defect as a critic to be that imperfect regard for his theme which leads him to make his author less his quarry than his stalking-horse, it will follow that his critiques upon other writers are comparatively ineffective as wholes, and chiefly memorable for the number of admirable things for the enunciation of which they serve as excuses. Such is indeed the case. Critics far inferior to Mr. Patmore have given more adequate accounts of many of the writers treated by him, and the reason, if we mistake not, is that they have made up in sympathy for what they lacked in discernment. Most profoundly does Wordsworth declare concerning the man of genius:—

> You must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.

This essential qualification, unfortunately, is almost always absent from Mr. Patmore in his relation to the ostensible subjects of his criticisms. He is, indeed, far from incapable of gener-

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ous admiration. We meet ever and anon with gleams of cordial appreciation of Dante, of Goethe, of Hegel, of the Spanish mystics, but, unfortunately, these are the people he is *not* criticising. Were he to give us detailed studies of any of these, we should expect work of the most satisfactory character and of the highest value. But, unhappily, his critical energy has been mainly spent in reviewing authors whose high standing in the republic of letters he must acknowledge, but whom, nevertheless, he can only bring himself to half admire. To employ one of his own quaint similes, it is as impossible to produce great criticism under such conditions as to breed a whale in a duckpond. A good example of his dealings with a great writer imperfectly apprehended, because imperfectly relished, is his treatment of Rossetti. As he seems on the point of winding up an essay containing many just remarks, but pitched throughout in far too low a key, it suddenly occurs to him that something remains to be said. "In much of his work there is a rich and obscure glow of insight into depths too profound and too sacred for clear speech, even if they could be spoken." Most true! but surely this was the saying to have put into the forefront of the battle. It should have been the text from which the whole sermon was preached, instead of an ornamental appendage at the extremity, like the Troll King's Sunday tail. And so it would, had Mr. Patmore in his dealing with his great contemporary been able to summon to his aid the "love that when wisdom fails makes Cythna wise"; nor would he then have committed himself to the astounding assertion that the wonderful "Burden of Nineveh" might have been written by Southey! This reserved attitude may in a measure be excused as a reaction against the extravagant adulation of writers who show any sort of promise, a nuisance never more obnoxious than now. But the caution which is certainly in place when immature critics pronounce on writers of dubious position is needless when writers of Rossetti's established fame are sifted by men of the intellectual calibre of Mr. Patmore. And, as Darwin's exclusive devotion to science ultimately deprived him of the faculty of appreciating poetry, so the critic who holds enthusiasm in perpetual check is likely to ultimately experience an atrophy of the faculty itself.

> Quoth the beggar, See your sins!
> Of old, unless I err,
> You had brothers for inmates, twins,
> Date and Dabitur.
>
> When Date was in good case,
> Dabitur flourished too:
> For Dabitur's Lenten face
> What wonder if Date rue?

And now we may turn from the ungrateful but needful task of fault-finding, and accompany Mr. Patmore to the ground where he is stronger than any living English critic. No one has a gift like him for the intuitive discernment and convincing statement of novel and yet simple truths. As in his poetry, so in his criticism, his exquisitely uttered prayer has been granted.

> Thou primal Love, who grantest wings
> And voices to the woodland birds,
> Grant me the power of saying things
> Too simple and too sweet for words.

It is true that these inspired utterances are sometimes exaggerated into paradoxes, and, though irrefragable in the realm of general principle, are often grievously distorted in their application to individual cases and circumstances. But this is merely the tribute which every artist and thinker must in some department or other of his work pay to mortality. Mr. Patmore's special limitation, as it appears to us, is the difficulty he finds in bringing himself down from the ideal to the concrete. The greater should by rights include the less, but with him clear comprehension of an æsthetic or spiritual truth is no guarantee for its correct application to the case of the next author, or institution, or social tendency that he may happen to encounter. This does not in the least detract from the beauty and value of the original enunciations. How great this is, we may be allowed to establish by a few examples.

> Men of vigorous apprehension look at the heavens of truth as it were through a powerful telescope, and see instantly as realities many living lights which are quite invisible to the common eye. But contemplation is like the photographic plate which finds stars that no telescope can discover, by simply setting its passively expectant gaze in certain indicated directions so long and steadily that telescopically invisible bodies become apparent by accumulation of impression.

> The follies of a Blake or a Hartley Coleridge are venial when compared with those of the

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thoughtful and prudent fool—the fool in respect of great things, as the other is in respect of small.

It is a peculiarity of the very highest work of every kind that it is not the result of painful labor, but that it is easier to do it than not to do it, when it can be done at all.

A wise or tender phrase in the mouth of a Byron or a Moore will be despised, where a commonplace of morality or affection in that of a Wordsworth or a Burns will be respected.

Originality consists simply in a man's being upon his own line. A society of persons of true originality in manners would be like an oak—the leaves of which all look alike until they are carefully compared, when it is found that they are all different.

All the music of verse arises, not from infraction, but inflection of the law of the set metre.

The real value of a large aquamarine may be more than that of a small emerald.

In the realms of art and letters genius is, in its initial stage, perceptive reason, the rare power of seeing self-evident things.

Sentences like these are certainly not the kind of writing which one expects to find in newspapers, where, however, most of Mr. Patmore's critical work, so far as he has republished it, originally appeared. The reader, however, who desires to obtain a full view of him as an æsthetic writer must travel back from thirty to forty years, and consult the essays which he was then in the habit of contributing to the *Edinburgh*, *North British* and *National Reviews*. He does not appear to equal advantage in these more elaborate performances, being necessitated to confine himself to the handling of individual authors, where he rarely seems at home or at ease. As we have remarked, what he in any sense admired in modern literature during his reviewing days he did but half admire, and what he disliked was usually of too little importance to call forth any memorable comment. His reviews of Tennyson and Hawthorne, for example, were disappointingly inadequate; many an inferior man has written far more to the purpose. There is, nevertheless, no lack of the fine, isolated, irrefragable things which seem to render it unjust to class him with the judges of literature, when his place is so evidently with its legislators. In this air of authority, this habit of propounding striking truths which frequently have no very close connection with the ostensible argument of his essay, and are just as likely to occur in a generally unsatisfactory essay as in a conclusive one, Mr. Patmore resembles a great writer whom he unreasonably disparages—Emerson. Neither are powerful reasoners; they hardly seem capable of carrying on a sustained argument from definite premises, they seldom persuade by eloquence or convince by logic, but they announce and illuminate. Notwithstanding great apparent differences, they have much actual resemblance; and the differences chiefly arise from the Englishman's mind being steeped in the dyes, or stains, as the reader pleases, of a host of traditional ideas of which the American knows nothing. But light is light, whether it be *lumen siccum* or filtered through a painted window. Mr. Patmore's style never attains the exquisite beauty of Emerson's at its best, but it is, perhaps, of more uniform excellence. It hardly ever rises to eloquence, although the conclusion of the essay on "Peace in Life and Art" is exceedingly impressive. But it never seems to attempt eloquence, or to care whether it is eloquent or not. With all its wealth of felicitous remark, which might well excuse some apparent self-consciousness, it always conveys the impression that, with the writer, matter is before manner; that, though aware that he has fine things to say, he is not writing for the sake of saying them. It possesses two great and by no means usual virtues, the continual intimation of a reserved power, which conveys the pleasant assurance to the reader that he is drinking, not draining, a perennial fountain; and that which Aristotle says all good poetry should exhibit, a continual slight novelty, which stimulates attention at every sentence, and keeps the mind on the alert, without putting it upon the rack.

Mr. Patmore's strictly critical writings are mainly to be found in his *Principle in Art* (1889), but *Religio Poetæ* (1893) and *The Rod, the Root, and the Flower* (1895), though professedly rather ethical or religious than æsthetic, abound with critical remarks that cannot be passed over. All these little books, singularly elegant and compact in outward form, are published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons, London, represented in America by Messrs. Macmillan and Company. The contents, except in the case of the third book, are chiefly

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reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* and the *St. James's Gazette*, a circumstance to be borne in mind, as the writer may not always have been able to render his thought full justice in space inevitably so circumscribed. On the other hand, the restriction has been favourable to one of his peculiar merits, the brevity for which he is distinguished in an age of diffuseness.

Richard Garnett.

PORTRAITURE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

II.

It is curious to note the duplication of prints relating to our Revolutionary history on the two sides of the Atlantic Ocean, at a period when it formed a so much broader line of physical division than it does now. It furnishes an indication of the lively interest taken at the time in the mother country in the affairs of her rebellious colonies—an interest which it is very plain and not a little entertaining to see abated rapidly after the happy termination of the family feud in 1783.

We may select as an example of this reproduction of engravings the famous print of the "Boston Massacre," by Paul Revere, of which there are extant at least four engraved copies, and I believe a lithographic fac-simile. There is, first, an octavo print prefixed to *A Short Narrative of the Horrid Massacre in Boston*, published by Edes and Gill, in 1770, by order of the town of Boston. Second, a large folding plate (intended, I presume, to be of the size of the original by Paul Revere), which appears as a frontispiece in an English reprint of the above-mentioned edition published the same year. Third, an octavo plate, which, I think, must be the frontispiece to still another reprint of the *Narrative*, issued the same year by Messrs. E. and C. Dilly, London. Fourth, an octavo print executed in England probably in the same year. In this copy the dog, which appears in the foreground of both the others, is left out. Otherwise the different engravings are as faithful transcripts one of the other as the unequal talents of the artist enabled them to make.

A further illustration of the case in point is afforded by the folio equestrian portrait in mezzotint of Washington, published by C. Shepherd, London. Two different copies of this engraving were made in Germany. The backgrounds differ in all three prints, but the figure is the same in each. Another mezzotint (three-quarter-length) portrait of Washington in military dress was issued by C. Shepherd, which, as well as the print just referred to, was, according to the inscription on the plate, taken from an original by Alexander Campbell, of Williamsburgh, in Virginia, whom, Washington says in a letter to Colonel Joseph Reed, he never saw to his knowledge.

Of the coloured prints of Washington, which are, with few exceptions, wretched specimens of engraving, the following are among the rarest and most curious :

1. Washington in his last illness, attended by Drs. Craik and Brown.

2. George Washington (in civilian dress), late President of the United States, published by J. Hinton, London, 1801.

3. General Washington, late President of the American Congress. Painted by R. Wright, of Philadelphia. P. Dawe Sculpt. London, published by D. Gally. Mezzotint, size 16½ by 13¾. This is a fine print.

4. Le Celèbre George Washington, Général des Anglos Ameriquains. Paris, Ches. Basset, 1778.

5. George Washington, Esq., General and Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army in America. With the inscription repeated in French.

Perhaps this is as good an opportunity as we shall have to introduce our effigy of "Charles Lee, Esq., Major-General of the Continental Army in America." This is truly an exhaustive effort of the imagination, engraved by one Johan Michael Probst. It represents Lee in battle array, mounted on a prancing charger with a troop of cavalry

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CHARLES LEE, MAJOR-GENERAL OF THE CONTINENTAL ARMY IN AMERICA.

deploying in the background. We are forced to the conclusion that this entire picture, from the uplifted hoof of the General's war-horse to the rosette which cocks his hat, came directly out of Probst's fertile imagination, but it is a very rare and therefore highly prized Revolutionary print.

The lines at the foot of this engraving, which are also repeated in German, read as follows :

" Seulement les Esclaves se rendent voluntièrement à la Tyrannie,
mais nous cherchons d'acquérer la liberté
en rompant per force les fers que nous lient :
parceque notre Symbole dit, victoriset oû mourir."

Why, out of all our Revolutionary generals this German artist should have selected this particular officer for the amount of hero worship that this elaborate production indicates, it is difficult to perceive, until we learn that Lee was by birth a Welshman, and having rambled over Europe for several years before the war, was probably better known abroad than most of his brothers in arms in America.

Among the helps to illustrators of American Revolutionary history, which date back to the last century, are the set of (thirteen) portraits of soldiers and civilians " drawn from the life," by Du Simitière in Philadelphia, and engraved in Paris by B. L. Prévost, and two coarsely engraved but curious and exceedingly rare series executed in Germany of " Generals bei der Amerikanischen Armee." The finest and rarest of Revolutionary portraits, such as a number of the engravings of Washington after the paintings by Savage, Trumbull, Peale, and Wright, and the French portraits* of Washington, Franklin, Lafayette, Gates, Hancock, D'Estaing, Montcalm, and others, set in charming emblematic borders, were for the most part separate publications or served as frontispieces. The D'Estaing and Montcalm, by Barbie here referred to, are veritable masterpieces of the art of engraving. They are surpassed in exquisite finish only by the series of remarkable prints by J. B. Grataloup, the secret of whose unique process of engraving died with him and has never been disclosed.

The Du Simitière engravings appear to have been in demand in England, although by common consent of the collectors of to-day they are adjudged poor

* Very close copies of a number of these rare French prints have lately appeared for sale. Some of which bear, but they all do not, the following explanation of their origin : " D'Après le physionotrace de Quenedey, Ed' Gosselin Sculpt. 1793."

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portraits, even if they were "taken from the life." A set of these portraits *without* the borders and printed in red ink was published by W. Richardson, London, May 10th, 1873, and announced with this mild flourish of trumpets: "American Legislators, Patriots, and Soldiers, who have distinguished themselves in rendering the country independent."

Still another edition, which has the appearance of being a rival publication, bears the imprint of R. Wilkinson. According to the date on the prints, this set was issued only five days later than the one by Richardson. The portraits in this series have square borders, and were printed in black and also in colours. In the original French set the portraits have square borders, and also an engraved circle around the head, so that all differ in this respect. The portraits in these various editions face about now to the right and now to the left.

In the extensive collection of miniature portraits uniform in size, made by St. Memin, a French artist of remarkable prolificness, who began to draw and engrave miniatures in New York, Philadelphia, and as far south as Charleston, soon after the close of the Revolutionary War, we find a few of the names which figured conspicuously in that great drama, but by far the greater number of them are family portraits of highly respectable nobodies in particular, chiefly residents of the City of Brotherly Love.

Of the larger prints relating to the American Revolution, the Washington family, by Savage, is widely known. Not so familiar to the collector (for it has long been a rare print) is the noble mezzotint engraving, by Valentine Green, of Henry Laurens, Esq.,* first President of the American Congress. There are a number of mezzotint engravings of a size suitable for framing, of which this is a prototype, well worthy as fine examples of engraving and for their historical interest to hang upon the library wall of an American bibliophile. Conspicuous among them is the soft and beautiful mezzotint, by Savage, engraved from his own portrait of Washington, painted at the request of the corporation of the University of Cambridge, in Massachusetts. Size, 17½ by 14.

We would be glad to claim as a Revolutionary print the beautiful mezzotint of Lady Ackland and her children, engraved by Samuel Cousins after a painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence; but it is probably a portrait of the wife of a descendant, and not *the* Lady Ackland whose name is linked with that of the Baroness Riedesel in our Revolutionary annals. These women furnish two conspicuous examples of the pathetic fact that in those long years of fiery trial that tested the fortitude and patience of the men of the nation, the difficulties and dangers of the hour were willingly shared by gently nurtured, self-sacrificing women.

The story of Love and War which hangs upon the picture of "Harriett Strangways, Lady Ackland," contains enough elements of romance to fill half a dozen novels. This lady accompanied her husband to Canada in the year 1776, and followed him through two campaigns, during which, writes General Burgoyne, she underwent such fatigue and distress as female fortitude was thought incapable of enduring. An incident in her experience is commemorated by a mezzotint engraved by Robert Pollard, and published in London in 1784, which is, as might be supposed, an entirely imaginary composition. Major Ackland had been wounded and taken prisoner in the action between Burgoyne and Gates, October 7th, 1777, and his wife, so runs the inscription on the Pollard plate, "desirous of attending him in his captivity, with a letter from General Burgoyne to General Gates, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Brudenell (chaplain to the British artillery, who carried a flag of truce), a female servant and her husband's valet, rowed down the Hudson in an open boat to the American camp; but night coming on before she reached their outposts, the guards on duty refused to allow her and her company to land, and they were kept all through the night on the water." In the morning she was received by General Gates and restored to her husband, with, says General Burgoyne, that politeness and humanity her sex, quality, and virtues

* Henry Laurens, Esq., President of the American Congress, 1778. Published October 1st, 1782, by F. Stockdale, Bookseller, Piccadilly, London. Painted by J. F. Copley, R.A. Engraved by V. Green, mezzotint engraver to his Majesty and to the Elector Palatine. Size, 22½ by 16 (upright).

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so justly merited. The romance of the story does not end here. After his return to England, Major Ackland, in a dispute with Lieutenant Lloyd, defended the Americans against the charge of cowardice, and, says the historian, gave him the lie direct. A duel followed, in which Major Ackland was shot through the head. Lady Harriett in consequence lost her reason for two years; but she afterward married Mr. Brudenell, her escort in her perilous pursuit of her husband.

There is a portrait of this lady and one of her husband, of which there are small mezzotint engravings by S. W. Reynolds, after paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. The spirited picture of Colonel Tarleton, by the same engraver after the same great painter, is naturally associated with the two engravings above mentioned, as they are all to be found in the collection of engravings after paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds. As there have been several editions of this work, ordinary and partly worn-out impressions of the plate are readily obtainable, but in proof state they are not often met with in these latter days.

The companion pictures of Washington, Franklin, and Lafayette,* from the Gallerie des Hommes Illustres Vivans, engraved in pure line, with richly designed borders, are beautiful framing prints. The portrait of Washington is engraved by Chevillet and designed by Bonnieu after a picture furnished by M. de Marquis de la Fayette. That of Franklin is by the same engraver after a drawing by Bonnieu after the bust by M. Houdon. The bust of Franklin, by Houdon, and the painting by Duplessis appear to have been the favourite French models for heads of Franklin.

The most interesting of the portraits of Washington to a New York collector is the full length figure standing on a pedestal in front of Bowling Green, with a view of the lower part of Broadway, the old fort and the bay as a background, engraved by C. Tiebout and published by C. Smith in 1798. In 1795 Tiebout engraved in stipple a fine head of John Jay, after a painting by Gilbert Stuart. The Jay portrait, was published in London, whither Tiebout had gone for instruction and had worked under Heath. William Dunlap asserts that Tiebout was the first American who went to London to study the art of engraving.

That man is to be envied who, if covetous of future remembrance, chanced to live in an age that produced one of the great artists of all time, and was so fortunate as to be immortalized by the brush or the graver of a Holbein, a Vandyke, a Rembrandt, or a Sir Joshua Reynolds. The world would have willingly let die in a few short years, nay, months, the name of Burgomaster Six if the needle of the great Dutch artist had not written it with such precision in characters that will last as long as art endures. From this æsthetic point of view our Revolutionary heroes were far more fortunate than those of the Civil War. With the exception of the large steel engraved portraits by William Edgar Marshall and a few etchings by various hands, the collector of engravings illustrating the Rebellion period will look in vain for prints of any artistic value whatever, for the good and sufficient reason that steel and copperplate engraving pure and simple was by that time fast becoming a lost and unpractised art. The mechanical reproductive processes, whose name is now legion, had already by the middle of this century begun to exercise their demoralising influence. The few competent engravers of the old school that were left were absorbed by and engaged in perfunctory work side by side with the turning lathe in the shops of the bank-note engraving companies. Aside from a limited number of wood engravings, there is nothing so devoid of artistic feeling and utterly commonplace as the graphic work of this period, and there is as yet unhappily no signs of a genuine revival. I doubt exceedingly if in all the length and breadth of this land today there is an artist capable of producing engravings which will compare favourably with the "Ariadne" or "Musidora" of Durand, the numerous portraits by the same artist or those by David Edwin, Peter Maverick, Prudhomme, Burt, and their fellows.

W. L. Andrews.

* Size, 13½ by 10 inches.

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CANADIAN FEELING TOWARD THE UNITED STATES.

It is difficult to speak the final word in elucidation of the sentiment with which one great, powerful, and prosperous nation regards another. Even when characteristics and prejudices have been growing for centuries, and have become almost as well defined as language, there is difficulty in generalising with accuracy, in condensing the lightning which plays through the life of a great people into an incandescent glow. And the embarrassment increases when the conditions are as yet unsettled; when one nation, labouring alone with "the too vast orb of her fate," has been careless of forming an opinion, and when the other has been unable to find any adequate national ideal, oppressed by a motley of conditions which it wears with irritation, but which it cannot throw off. Under such circumstances to generalise is an almost impossible task, and the writer of the article entitled "American Feeling toward England," in the April BOOKMAN, found it possible to speak only for the great silent mass of Americans "whose nationality is inherited from many generations of Anglo-Saxon ancestors."

Even with this limitation there may be doubt whether the last word has been spoken. There is much truth in what Professor Peck avers with regard to the boorishness of the individual Englishman. Americans have not suffered in any greater degree at his hands than have Canadians, who have not even the prestige of enormous national success to force respect, but who are merely colonists; and upon everything colonial lies the cloud of his clownish displeasure. But it is unfair to judge a race by individuals, and after we lay the stripes upon the insular barbarian, we have left the multitude of his countrymen untouched. Similarly, after we have visited a type of American with contempt for his chicane and his gross egotism, we still retain respect for the genuine qualities of the mass of his race. We Canadians do not expect to be judged, as Sir R. F. Burton judged us, by the weary dulness, rudeness, and apathy of a provincial class which the narrow conditions of our life has bred. After we cast out this class, there remains the mass of our people, whose solid energy and integrity, whose reliability and force of character have created the Dominion of Canada from the straggling units, each with its separate interests, which existed before confederation.

In the old days of disquietude and trouble there were not a few who believed that Canada's only hope for peace and prosperity lay in absorption by her masculine neighbour who was bustling about, filling the seas with commerce, and developing his enormous domain to the west. In 1840, when the union of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada was formed, the feeling had not by any means died out; nor had it disappeared when the confederation of the colonies in British North America was accomplished in 1867. The sentiment for annexation was never widespread, and never struck its roots very deeply. The colonists were loyal in the bone; and if the conditions which caused unrest had not existed, there might never have been the least approach to a desire for political union with the United States. As it was, the contrast between colonies struggling with difficulties which the Home Government seemed too callous to attempt to remove, and a republic abounding in wealth and ready in resource, was too glaring not to arouse envy. Personal envy the prosperity of individual Americans did strongly arouse, and then began that desertion of Canada by Canadians in the hope of wealth and success, which continues to this day, and which has left our land labouring heavily under a sense of burden and loss.

The cloud of annexation was scarcely larger than a man's hand, and it has now merged in the blue. It could not survive the sense of a national destiny which prompted confederation and which led to a vigorous policy of protection for Canadian industries. It vanished with growing prosperity, and if any vestige of it remained, it was dissolved in the warmth with which the message of President Cleveland was received. That utterance affected Canadians deeply. While they had an underlying confidence in the sober good sense

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of the saving remnant among the American people, they could not forget the past. They recalled a time when this remnant had been powerless to prevent active hostile preparations, and actual descents upon our frontiers, and they feared that temperance and wisdom could not prevail if by any chance the war-dogs were once unleashed. The press of Canada with one accord, while scouting the probability of war, quietly discussed the modes of a successful defence, and from one end of the land to the other the people were resolute. The words which seemed to threaten our peace bound us together as nothing else could have done. We saw more clearly than ever our relation to England and the place we must assume in the Empire. We took one clear, straight step forward, and found ourselves in possession of a new ideal. The gospel of annexation, which had for so many years been moribund, drew its last breath. The President's message had, in a few short hours, done more to strengthen the thews of the Canadian confederacy than a half-century of peace and plenty could have accomplished. The position of Canada at this juncture was very like that of the little man in Stephen Crane's *Lines* who was preparing to fight with the mountains. A spectator might have argued from our attitude that it was very good to have had grandfathers who fought and conquered mountains.

In possession of this traditional valour some irritation had to be overcome. The American press rehearsed the march into Canada, and drew pleasant pictures of the easy path in the country of the vanquished. At such times the blood of the most unemotional Canadian leaps with fire at the thought of standing valiant in a breach and repelling the onset of war. But it must be confessed that the most patient of all patient countries is Canada, and it takes some extraordinary crisis to provoke active resistance.

In many of our people, descended directly from United Empire loyalist stock, and from ancestors who fought in the War of 1812, there is still a smouldering dislike of anything "Yankee," a term which stands for many vices and hardly a single virtue. It only needs the breath of some filibustering American politician to fan this feeling into activity, when the survivor of the old loyalist is as ready as his progenitor to wave the Union Jack and strike the hereditary foe.

But for the most part Canadians remain undisturbed by any feeling of hostility toward the United States. They are content to admire, without envy, a prosperity which they cannot rival; and they are willing to be moderately, securely prosperous and remain governed by a constitution which they consider as stable as the rock, and by laws which they respect. When the Canadian comes into contact with the American he finds in him a brother german. Upon the frontiers of the countries there is hardly an atom of difference between them. The farmer of Stanstead and Mississquoi has the same characteristics as his neighbour of Vermont. He even speaks with a similar drawl. One passes the borders of Maine and does not discover that he is in the county of Charlotte or of York. The peninsula of Southern Ontario is swept by railway trains which shuttle across the border free as spiders upon the strands of their own webs; and the vernacular and the accent in which it is conveyed is hardly distinguishable on the northern and southern shores of Lake Erie. And there is perfect accord in a characteristic which is fundamental and vital—love of country.

The Canadian loves his Dominion and its institutions with a deep, tranquil affection which he takes for granted and says very little about. He is proud of the history, traditions, and development of his country, and believes in her future successes and triumphs. If we are called upon to credit the statement that the American, who claims descent through generations of Anglo-Saxon ancestors, loves England "with a fervour and a passion of which no Englishman has any conception," he may be able to form some idea of how a Canadian loves her, whose traditions have not been broken by the rudeness of war and a century of exasperating misunderstandings. He cherishes the idea of his direct and permanent possession of all her greatness, her literature, her laws, her language. When he touches her shores he touches the very heart of home; and for him there can never be any separation of Englishmen and their greatness from England. His blood mounts to the flutter of her flag, and his heart is

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proud with the thought that, in his own land, for thousands of miles, in cities, towns, and counties, even among a loyal people who speak an alien tongue, "you won't get away from the tune that they play to the bloomin' old rag over'ead." It is this spirit which so long held the separated colonies true to the mother land, and it is this spirit that achieved confederation.

But the great bond of confederation has been forged, and the men who brought to the task their courage, their fineness of temper, their enthusiasm are passing away. Of the fathers of confederation, a handful remain, and the greatest has only for a few years rested from his labours. The death of Sir John A. Macdonald marked the close of an epoch in Canadian history, and the dulness and want of spirit which has supervened upon our politics are the sign that the old leaven has done its work. The dream of the union of the provinces has become a reality, and we have arrived at a point from which we must proceed toward our destiny, "our manifest destiny." Time was when this term bore a sinister meaning for Canadians, and was deeply tinged with a traitorous colour. But it may well be saved from contempt and infused with new power, as the formula explaining a desire wider and more daring than the spirit which led to its adoption in American politics.

The manifest destiny of Canada is to be one of the greatest powers in the Federated Empire of England. Twenty years ago this idea would have been stoned as impractical, visionary, and even undesirable. The idea of Canadian independence would have been received with greater favour. English politicians would have condescendingly waived the proposition as not worthy of a passing discussion, and the English public would have stopped its ears and wrapped itself in its cloak of jealous self-interest. The indifference with which the colonies have been treated in the past by the English people and its government is almost inconceivable; and Canada has suffered peculiarly from the apathy and want of heart which seems to pervade all dealings with colonial dependencies. To such an extent has this been the case that it has caused restlessness, bitterness, and sometimes open expressions of irritation.

It is hardly strange that England with her innumerable interests, domestic and foreign, should have failed for years to perceive the overtopping importance of her colonies as sources from which her vigour might be renewed and her power sustained and increased. The sense of this importance grew up in the colonies and was fostered there, and for years no emergency has arisen in which England has not received prompt and hearty offers of help from Greater England. This spirit was bound sooner or later to break down the traditional indifference, and it only required the occurrences of the last few years to open the eyes of English politicians to the unforeseen destiny which the spirit of settlement and colonisation had prepared for the Empire. Such has been the growth of opinion and the desire for action in the direction of closer union, that hardly two years lie between the meeting of the Colonial Conference, at Ottawa, and the proposal of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain to call a meeting of colonial delegates in London to discuss the basis of a zollverein between England and her dependencies.

In such a scheme Canada is deeply interested, and upon its successful issue depends in large degree her future prosperity; for it is impossible to satisfy the aspirations of the new generation of Canadians and at the same time allow the old policy of *laisser-faire* to obtain in inter-colonial relations.

If the fathers were ever troubled by a desire for commercial union with the United States, their sons against this have most earnestly set their faces. They dread too thoroughly the outcome of this policy, the extinction of the national spirit; and rather than pay such a monstrous fee for cheaper living, they would remain as they are for limitless years. But they are not content to remain as they are, and the one alternative looms with features of such gigantic import that before long it must become the ideal of every true Canadian.

There are many and great difficulties to surmount, but Canadians have never been dismayed before difficulties. In five minutes a lively brood of objections to any scheme for a zollverein between England and the colonies will spring into the mind of the village publicist; but obvious as many of the obstacles are, and strong as they are, they can be

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cast down. Canada, one of the group of colonies in whose interests this scheme of Imperial Federation must be accomplished, will demand from her statesmen the insight, the courage, and the tenacity which will render it possible to conciliate all differences. At the present time there is evidence of the increasing interest which Canadian public men and Canadian journals are taking in this subject. The question of a preferential tariff, coupled with a proposal for Imperial defence, has been debated during the present session of the Dominion Parliament, and the leading Canadian weekly has adopted the principles of the resolution, which gave rise to the discussion in the House, as the main plank in a new party platform.

It is never wise to alienate friendly feeling or to break down any cordial interest, and the hope of a united and invincible British Empire does not carry with it the arrogant idea that, in the happy year of its fulfilment, we will begin to live regardless of the friendship of other great powers.

But when the task is achieved, the vision of the Battle of Dorking and the rush of the spiked helmets upon London need not any more trouble the imagination of the American who has learned to hate England by reason of the crassness of ill-mannered Englishmen; for in her hour of danger she will be compassed about by the multitude of her strong sons, and converging from every quarter of the world there will come the rush of help, and the sound of succour will arise mightily in all her lands.

Duncan Campbell Scott.

A LOVE LETTER.

When you are dust, and I am dust,
  And time has passed away,
What profit that in sudden pride
  You kissed me not to-day?
When you are dust, and I am dust,
  Our spirits in the wind
Will wander weary through the world
  For love they cannot find.

Or if, perchance, in whirl of snow,
  Upon some lonely hill,
Our frustrate spirits meet and know,
  And shudder and are still;
What power to soothe our ceaseless pain,
  What hands or lips or eyes,
Before, forever torn in twain,
  Our hope forever dies?

So when I come to you to-night,
  I pray that at the door
I find you standing warm and bright,
  As you have stood before;
I pray you let me kiss again
  Your hands and lips and eyes;
For us, the life of love, and then
  The death that never dies!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

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STENDHAL.

II.

Shortly after his death, Stendhal's writings were collected and edited, in eighteen volumes, by Prosper Mérimée. Besides the works of fiction and the two volumes of correspondence, they include biographies—*Vie de Haydn, de Mozart, et de Métastase, Vie de Napoléon, Vie de Rossini;* literary and artistic criticism—*Histoire de la Peinture en Italie, Racine et Shakspeare, Mélanges d'Art et de Littérature;* books of travel—*Rome, Naples et Florence*) *Promenades dans Rome, Mémoires d'un Touriste;* and one work on sentimental psychology, his *Essai sur l'Amour*, a disastrous failure for the publisher, only seventeen copies being sold from 1822 to 1833, though to it Paul Bourget owes the suggestion of his most typical and in many respects strongest production, his *Physiologie de l'Amour Moderne.* Without being profound, many of these works possess qualities of permanent worth and interest. The books of travel especially are delightful causeries, full of life and spirit, and while somewhat lacking in method, give a capital insight into the places and scenes described, and are thoroughly permeated with his personality. Thanks to M. Casimir Stryienski, who spent years in deciphering the almost illegible manuscripts preserved in the Grenoble Library, various autobiographical writings—*Journal de Stendhal, Vie de Henri Brulard, Souvenirs d'Égotisme*—and an unpublished romance, *Lamiel*, have lately been issued. They are, however, of purely personal interest.

To-day, however, Stendhal's literary prominence is due primarily to his novels, which, by their profound analytic truth, form an important link in the development of modern fiction. Notwithstanding M. Brunetière, the inveterate champion of tradition, who maintains that "the influence of the *Chartreuse de Parme* has counted for nothing in the literary history of the century," and Anatole France, the member elect of the French Academy, who sees in him only the exponent of "systematic immorality," he has left a lasting imprint on the present generation of novelists. Paul Bourget, Maurice Barrès, and all the younger adherents of the psychological school are thoroughly imbued with him. Among his contemporaries, he aroused the enthusiasm of men so unlike as Taine and Balzac, and Mérimée was his earliest disciple. Sainte-Beuve, on the other hand, found Stendhal's novels "detestable," and criticised the characters as essentially unlifelike, "being formed out of two or three ideas which he considers apt, and, above all, piquant, and which he is bent upon continually calling to mind. They are not human beings, but ingeniously constructed automatons; at almost every movement one sees in them the springs which the mechanic has introduced, and is manipulating from without." Zola himself, although a sincere admirer of Stendhal, is forced to admit the justice of this criticism.

> "To Stendhal," he says, "man is composed solely of a brain; the other organs do not count. . . . Furthermore, he rarely takes account of the *milieu*, I mean the atmosphere in which his characters are immersed. The exterior world hardly exists; he does not trouble himself about the house in which his hero has grown up nor the horizon under which he has lived. In short, his whole formula amounts to this: the study of the soul's mechanism, regarded as a mechanical curiosity; a purely philosophic and moral study of man, considered simply in regard to his intellectual and emotional faculties, and treated as a thing apart in nature."

Zola has here laid his finger upon the real weakness of Stendhal's method. No one can read his novels without being conscious of a frequent meagreness of detail and lack of atmosphere, a general flavour of abstraction which he sought to relieve now and then by an extravagance of incident verging on romanticism. The fact is, that Stendhal, this subtle psychologist, who was also a man of action, took for his heroes *replicas* of himself, or, rather, of what he would have liked to be, *esprits supérieurs*, alternately thinking unparalleled thoughts and attempting unparalleled deeds. He wavered between his love of analysis and his love of adventure, and the symmetry of his books is marred, on the one hand, by too much soliloquy, on the other by an overcrowded plot. At times the *conteur* gets the upper hand of the

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psychologist, and the reader is hurried off through a series of adventures which would do credit to Dumas *père*, or William Harrison Ainsworth. Thus the escape of Fabrice del Dongo from the Farnese Tower, which, as Balzac was forced to admit, "verges on the miraculous," reads like a chapter from *The Three Guardsmen* or *Admirable Crichton*. All at once, perhaps at the most thrilling moment, we find ourselves plunged suddenly into the realm of pure abstraction; the hero has retired into himself to indulge in a minute analysis of his motives and sensations, to "feel the pulse of his emotions," as Bourget puts it. All local atmosphere has vanished; he is moving and thinking in a vacuum. Such at least is the impression which a first reading of the *Rouge et Noir* or *La Chartreuse de Parme* is apt to leave. Stendhal's mistake lay in taking for his characters exceptional temperaments instead of general types; if we can accept them as rational human beings, and not the mere mechanical puppets which Sainte-Beuve thought them, we must admit that they have been developed with uniform consistency; men of the peculiar mental fibre which he delights in portraying would, no doubt, under like circumstances have thought and acted much after the fashion of his heroes, Julian Sorel or Fabrice del Dongo. But they still trouble us with their eccentricities, and leave behind them a flavour of unreality.

Yet it is unfair to assume, with Zola, that Stendhal was a man for whom the outside world did not exist. He was, on the contrary, a keen observer, as his critical writings abundantly prove, and in theory at least he was one of the pioneers of naturalism. He recognised explicitly that temperament and environment make the man, or, as he expresses it in his *Histoire de la Peinture*, "climate and temperament determine the force of our mainspring, education and custom the direction in which that force will be employed." That he meant to apply this doctrine in developing his plots is well shown in his brief analysis of the *Rouge et Noir*.

"In a little town of the Aveyron, or the Pyrenees," he says in the opening pages, "the slightest incident would have been rendered decisive by the fieriness of the climate. Under our more sombre skies a poor young man, ambitious only because the delicacy of his heart makes him feel the need of a few of those pleasures which money gives, sees day by day a woman of thirty, thoroughly sensible and devoted to her children, and who does not take her models of conduct out of romances. Everything goes slowly, everything is done little by little in the provinces. Life there is more natural."

Here we have a direct recognition of the influence not only of climate, but of fortune, social standing and the whole daily round of duties and pleasures; the very essence of the theory of *milieu*. Yet of all this he made surprisingly little practical application in the novels themselves. We look almost in vain for any happy touches of nature, the countless little incidents of daily life, which seem so trivial and yet may mean so much; the vivid word-painting and photographic accuracy which form the pride and distinction of modern realists. Zola, while admitting that "in the *Chartreuse de Parme* he does take account of the race, and thus takes the first step toward giving us genuine Italians and not Frenchmen in disguise," hardly exaggerates when he adds, "but never do the landscape, the climate, the time of day, the weather, Nature herself, in other words, intervene and exert her influence on the characters." There are, however, just enough exceptions—passages remarkable for their power and justice of observation—to indicate that in Stendhal's own brain Nature herself often did intervene; that he must have formed a clear-cut mental picture of the scenes in which his characters were to play their parts, with all the petty details which go to make up local color; only—and this was a cardinal defect—he lacked the instinct or the patience to show the reader what he saw himself; his work thereby lost in clearness. "I abhor material description," he confessed in *Souvenirs d'Égotisme*; "the *ennui* of making them hinders me from writing novels." He cultivated brevity of style, reading the *Code Napoléon* every day "to catch the tone;" when he had occasion to paint a landscape or interior he did so in a few bold strokes, giving only the salient details, and then often merely for the sake of noting the effect produced on one of his personages. In describing a countenance he confined himself to two or three features, singling out such as best served to illustrate some leading trait of character. If possible, he preferred to introduce descriptions into his conversations, in order to behold the object or person described

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though the medium of another temperament. Physical details, however essential, were in his eyes always subservient to the psychological: "The leather collar or coat of a serf of the Middle Ages is so much easier to describe than the movements of the human heart." An admirable illustration is afforded by an incident in the *Chartreuse de Parme*. The prince is consumed by a desire to attend the salon of the Duchess Sanseverina, held every Thursday evening; but "how could he manage it? Go to the house of a simple subject! That was a thing which neither he nor his father had ever done. A certain Thursday it rained, it was cold. Every instant of the evening his Highness heard carriages rattling over the pavement of the palace square on their way to Mme. Sanseverina's. He had a fit of impatience; others were enjoying themselves, and he, sovereign prince, absolute master, who by rights should amuse himself more than any one in the world, was experiencing *ennui!*" In short, he decides to go, and his going has a direct bearing on the plot. Now, there is no question that in the state of weather we are to see the proximate cause of the prince's sudden determination; but from the pen of Flaubert or Zola what a different picture we should have had! We should have heard not merely the rattling of the carriages, but the splashing and slipping of horses' hoofs along the wet streets, the cutting wind from the Alps whistling across the palace square, and rain lashing the windows of the royal apartments; we should have seen the prince striding impatiently up and down, peering out into the night, and contrasting the hospitable gleam from the distant Palace Sanseverina with his own cheerless solitude. It would have been clear what thoughts were working in his royal mind. But all this is too simple for Stendhal to linger over; he contents himself with noting the bare fact, log-book fashion: "Thursday, it rained; it was cold," and passes on to more recondite problems.

Very rarely, however, when the thread of his story coincides with some reminiscence of early life, Stendhal is drawn out of himself; he becomes a simple spectator, describing a well-remembered scene, and lingering over it for the sake of the memories it awakes. Such is his charming description of Lake Como, in the *Chartreuse de Parme*, which deserves to be quoted in its entirety, especially as for some strange reason it has been omitted from the English translation:

"The lake of Como is not surrounded, like that of Geneva, by large estates, well enclosed and cultivated after the most improved methods, things which remind one of money and speculation. Here on every side I see hills of unequal height, clad with groves of trees, planted at random, and which the hand of man has not yet spoiled and forced to return a revenue. . . . All is noble and tender, all speaks of love, nothing recalls the blemishes of civilisation. The villages situated halfway up the slope are hidden by great trees, above whose tops arises the charming architecture of their pretty belfries. . . . Beyond these hills, each of whose summits offers a hermitage where one would gladly dwell, the astonished eye perceives the peaks of the Alps, covered with eternal snow, and their austere severity recalls just enough of the sad side of life to intensify the enjoyment of the present moment. The imagination is touched by the far-off sound of a clock-bell from some little village hidden beneath the trees, and the notes, rendered mellow by their transition across the water, acquire a tone of mild melancholy and of resignation, and seem to say to mankind, 'Do not show yourselves fastidious toward the happiness which offers itself, but hasten to rejoice, for life is fleeting.'"

In the introduction to Mr. Robin's translation, the statement is made that the *Chartreuse de Parme* is undoubtedly "Beyle's masterpiece in the department of fiction;" but this is by no means the unanimous verdict. It was certainly the only one of his novels which had any sort of vogue during the author's life, and called forth an enthusiastic review from Balzac, who declared that "for that epoch and up to the present, in his eyes, it was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the literature of ideas, . . . a book where the sublime bursts forth from chapter to chapter." Of late years, however, there has been a reaction in favor of the *Rouge et Noir*, which remains, as René Doumic has recently put it, "his most significant book, and his veritable profession of faith," and which Zola and Bourget unite in considering far superior to his other novels in artistic excellence, a verdict in which the present writer heartily concurs. But as a picture of court life, with its endless diplomacy and intrigue, its jealousies and scandals, the *Chartreuse de Parme* stands unrivalled. "He has written *The Modern Prince*," cried Balzac, "the book which Macchiavelli would have written if he had been living exiled from Italy in the nineteenth century." The delineation of all the different per-

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sonages of the court, and the masterly manner in which he manipulates them, are little less than marvellous. The prince, Ernest IV., with his dream of a united Lombardy, and his fixed idea of resembling Louis XIV.; the princess, Clara-Paolina, who, "because her husband had a mistress, considered herself the most unhappy woman in the world, which was probably the reason why she was the most tiresome;" the prime-minister, Count Mosca, "a man between forty and forty-five, with prominent features but not a vestige of self-importance, but a simple, lively manner which prepossessed men in his favour. He would still have been quite handsome if a whim of the prince had not obliged him to wear his hair powdered as a guarantee of sound conservative principles;" the General, Fabio Conti, "an eccentric being, who had been under fire perhaps one day in his whole life, and from that time on aped the manners of Frederick the Great;" the prince's mistress, Marquise Balbi, "who had her finger in all State transactions, so that the country never made a profit of a thousand francs without there being a 'souvenir' for the marquise; . . . having very little brains, together with the prettiest teeth in the world, she was always trying to convey, by a meaning smile, an entirely different idea from what her words contained. Count Mosca used to say that it was this perpetual smile, all the while she was yawning internally, that gave her so many wrinkles;" the wretched Fiscal General, Rassi, "whose name had become, throughout the country, a byword for all that was base and vile; the common people gave the name of Rassi to every ugly cur; recently soldiers had fought duels because a comrade had called them Rassi; finally, not a week could pass without this wretched name being embodied in some atrocious sonnet;" all the personages of the court, from the highest to the lowest, are sketched in with the same felicitous strokes. Stendhal had, in common with Dickens, the rare gift of individualising his characters, stamping each with its own hall-mark, as it were, which rendered them at once unmistakable and inimitable.

The plot of the *Chartreuse de Parme* is the feature least deserving commendation. On a chance visit to Milan, Count Mosca meets and falls in love with a young and charming widow, Gina, Countess Pietranera, who beyond question is Stendhal's favourite creation, and on whom he lavished every grace of wit and beauty, together with laxity of morals remarkable even for her race and generation. "She is copied from Correggio," he admitted in a letter to Balzac; and, indeed, she does recall much of that master's warm sensuousness. It happens that Count Mosca has a wife still living, although separated from him; but this does not prevent him from declaring himself to the countess, who accepts his devotion and discusses the situation with remarkable frankness. To take her openly to Parma would entail a publicity which the prince would not countenance in the case of a Cabinet minister; to make their home elsewhere necessitated his resignation, a sacrifice which Mosca's limited income did not permit. But the count was equal to the emergency: he remembers the Duke of Sanseverina-Taxis, "fine-looking little old man, dapple gray, very polite, very neat, immensely wealthy, but dissatisfied with his rank; . . . he had been unable to win a certain grand *cordon*, the same which adorned the portrait of his father, and for want of which he was wasting away." Here was a husband ready-made, to give the countess respectability; he would be only too glad to sell his name for the grand *cordon* and a foreign embassy, on condition that he should never again set foot in Parma. "Do you know that what you suggest is extremely immoral?" cries the countess; but the reader feels that she is not materially shocked. "No more so than what goes on at our court and twenty others," rejoins Mosca—a consideration which carries weight, for within three months the old duke has received his *cordon* and embassy, and the "new Duchess Sanseverina-Taxis was astonishing the court of Parma with her facile amiability and noble serenity of spirit." Gina has a nephew, Fabrice del Dongo, "our hero," as Stendhal persists in styling him, with whom she has, against her will, and almost without her knowledge, fallen desperately in love. It was Fabrice's misfortune to be born in the midst of the Napoleonic wars. His father, Marquis del Dongo, a coward and bigot, "who joined a sordid avarice to a host of other fine qualities," a sort of political Tartufe, who, professing unbounded

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devotion to the House of Austria, exiled himself from Milan at his château of Grianta, on Lake Como, during the whole reign of Prince Eugene, and passed his time concocting despatches in cipher, to be forwarded to the Austrian Government, and which contained only such information as was sure to give pleasure. Meanwhile Fabrice grew up, much after the fashion of Trilby, "à la grâce de Dieu," spending his days in hunting or scouring the lake in his boat, with the coachmen and grooms for his chief companions. "The marquis professed a vigorous hatred for culture. 'It is ideas,' he declared, 'which have destroyed Italy';" yet family pride made him desirous that Fabrice should receive a brilliant education. Accordingly he intrusts his son to the care of the venerable Abbé Blanès, a man completely absorbed in the study of astrology: "One can judge of the contempt for languages felt by a man who passed his life in determining the precise epoch of the fall of empires and the revolutions which change the face of the world; 'what more do I know of a horse,' he said to Fabrice, 'when they have told me that in Latin it is called *equus*'?" The effect of such a preceptor can be easily foreseen. At sixteen Fabrice was brave, manly, and impulsive, but wholly unformed and painfully ignorant in the ways of the world. Then came Napoleon's return from Elba, and in a burst of enthusiasm the lad started to join him. The whole episode of his "bizarre Odyssey" across France, as Sainte-Beuve styles it, and his share in the battle of Waterloo, has little or nothing to do with the rest of the story; but although it occupies a good quarter of the book, one would be loath to sacrifice a single page, for as a whole it is one of his strongest efforts, and some of the scenes of the battlefield read like a foretaste of Du Maupassant's brutal realism. At the beginning of Gina's *liaison* with Count Mosca, Fabrice is under ban of the Austrian police, and has taken refuge across the Swiss frontier. Parma, not being Austrian territory, affords him opportunities; but, as Mosca explains to Gina, a diplomatic career is out of the question. "It is impossible to confide a position of importance to a young man susceptible to enthusiasm." Mosca has other plans; no less than three Del Dongos had held the office of Archbishop at Parma; why should not Fabrice be the fourth? The plan finds favour with the Duchess, and Fabrice is sent to Naples to pursue his theological studies. We slip over a space of five years. Mosca is still Minister, the Duchess still true to him. Unfortunately, Ernest IV. has also come under the spell of the Duchess's beauty, and being used to easy conquests, is none too well pleased to find her obdurate. Fabrice returns from the seminary a full-fledged Monsignor, violet stockings and all. Gina's slumbering love flames up once more, and Mosca is pardonable for growing jealous. But affairs take a sudden turn: Fabrice, whose theological studies and pretensions to the archbishopric have not succeeded in making him a saint, in pressing attentions upon a pretty and not unwilling soubrette, Marietta, incurs the hostility of the latter's lover, a certain low comedian, Giletti, whom in the end he is obliged to kill in self-defence. For a Del Dongo to kill a fellow of Giletti's stamp, we are given to understand, is in itself a trifling matter; it acquires consequence only as the result of political intrigue, the leaders of the Opposition seeing a possibility of overthrowing the Ministry of Mosca through the downfall of his *protégé*, and the Prince, nothing loath to humiliate the Duchess, lending himself to the scheme. Fabrice is condemned to twelve years' imprisonment in the Farnese Tower. From this point the story becomes fantastic. The window of Fabrice's tower cell overlooks that of Clélia, daughter of the General Fabio Conti, governor of the prison. It is almost a case of love at first sight. For months the pair hold communication by means of signs over the very heads of the passing sentries. And while his aunt is moving heaven and earth to effect his rescue, Fabrice has forgotten her existence. When at length the plans are matured for his escape by means of ropes, he is persuaded with the greatest difficulty, not on account of the danger —although a sheer descent of a hundred and eighty feet might well make him give pause—but because escape meant exile from Clélia. And after it is accomplished, this exile proves beyond his endurance; he returns to the tower and surrenders himself, a voluntary captive, in order to be near her once more. Upon the death of Ernest IV., assassinated by

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the machinations of the Duchess, the latter obtains from his son and successor a tardy pardon for her nephew, but as a price for her honour. Fabrice eventually becomes archbishop, but throughout his life continues his *liaison* with Clélia, who in the interval has married, always meeting her at night and in a darkened chamber, she having once in a fit of remorse made a vow to the Madonna never to set eyes on him again—a vow which they choose to interpret literally. Finally Clélia dies, and Fabrice retires to the neighbouring monastery, the *Chartreuse de Parme*, where he survives her barely a year. The book closes with a dedication in English "To the Happy Few."

A few words in conclusion about the edition before us. The translator, Mr. Robins, has succeeded in producing a smooth and readable version, and has evidently striven to lighten the style; but he has failed to give us Stendhal. We miss above all the studied brevity and simplicity, the *Code Napoléon* tone, which a translator thoroughly imbued with the author would have made it his greatest care to retain. Stendhal himself admitted that if the attempt was made to translate the *Chartreuse de Parme* into French *à la mode*, the result would be a three or four-volume edition. Mr. Robins has shown us that the statement holds equally true in English. In yielding to the temptation to amplify, he has fallen into one or two amusing inconsistencies, as, for instance (vol. ii., p. 46), where he renders the non-committal French "au tout petit pas" by "the shambling trot of a venerable nag," which afterward (p. 53) we find metamorphosed into a pair of sturdy little horses which set off at a gallop. Furthermore, in his desire to impart a slangy tone to the speech of some of the characters, he has occasionally sacrificed the local colour; a French *cantinière* who employs the language of *Chimmie Fadden* is certainly an anachronism, while phrases like "I must skip this ranch at once" (vol. ii., p. 20), "The minister came down with his dust, so they say" (*id.*, p. 34), may be excellent Californian, but somewhat out of place in an admitted classic. All this, however, is a matter of taste. As a piece of book-making the edition is beyond criticism; the three volumes are abundantly supplied with dainty etchings, and in their cool green covers, bearing in gold the arms of Parma, are a model of good taste which ought to render them acceptable to any bookman.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

ON THE BUYING OF BOOKS.

I confess to a certain ill-suppressed shiver of disapprobation when a friend of mine—a friend who can boast of an acknowledged position in the world of letters—confessed (nay, boasted of it!) to purchasing her books at a well-known dry-goods house on lower Broadway. Holding up a dainty volume of still daintier essays, she proclaimed the fact that it was bought at the modest sum of eighty-nine cents.

I may not be believed, but it was not the fact that the same book had cost me just eleven cents more which awoke the disapprobation within my breast. Of course the lady was quite right, she was proving herself to be a true lover of books by stretching a somewhat slender purse over as great a number of purchases as possible; it was I who was unreasonable, unbusinesslike, sentimental, if you will. I admit it. And yet much as I delight in watching the decreasing gaps in my book-shelves, I would go with half the number of new books rather than get them as she does. Is there any reader of THE BOOKMAN to sympathise with me?

The lower part of the Fifth Avenue, with its new and beautiful book-shops, every one of them a fitting sanctuary for the treasures with which they are filled to overflowing, with clerks that really know something of the insides of the books they handle, possesses a peculiar fascination for me. How dearly should I pay for the few cents saved, what a costly bargain, were I to bring to the pastime of book-buying the atmosphere of the dry-goods shop! Were I to pause in the midst of shopping for such luxuries as shoes, stockings, pins, and the

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like, to select such necessaries as books, it seems verily as if the odour of the yard-stick would hang over it all, nor would there avail against it any amount of crushed levant or printer's ink.

There is one place at which books were not the only commodity dealt with, through which I should delight to wander at will. It stood one hundred and twenty-five years ago near the Coffee House on Wall Street, not far from the great wharf. Here at John Rivington's little shop might be seen in tempting array the works of Swift, Thomson, and Milton, a volume of Pliny's Letters, another of Marmontel, two volumes of *Plutarch's Lives*, Ruffhead's life of Pope, Richardson's *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison*. Posted in the window would be the following seductive announcement:

"Just received, *The Atom*, a new work by Dr. Smollett; Thorp's *Travels Through Italy; The Idler*, *The Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. Also Priestley's *Essay on the First Principles of Government*."

And doubtless there was some relation in good Master Rivington's mind between the seed of knowledge, which is planted in the mind, and that which is sown in the earth, for appended to this we observe a notice which announces for sale "grass seed, canary seeds for birds, honey succle and clove seed;" and here is the cream of it all:

☞ "*Also gaffs for Cock-fighting.*"

Well, after all, if Master Rivington discovered more lining for his pouch in catering to one taste of the gentry rather than the other, small blame to him. The world is not so greatly changed a century and a quarter later.

So perhaps it is as well for me to be philosophical—or *fin de siècle*, whichever way you choose to put it—and buy my books as I buy my buttons. I came to that conclusion once, and besides, I was in a desperate hurry, and a gift had to be presented to some one within an hour. So I conquered my prejudices and entered that part of a large Third Avenue emporium which is given over to the output of the literary mills. I looked over some books, followed suspiciously by a small miss of fifteen winters. I was informed that *Marcella* was "good," that *The Prisoner of Zenda* was "very exciting," that Max Pemberton was "all the rage," that *Jude the Obscure* was "the very latest sensation." With equal earnestness I was recommended by the same impartial critic to Brander Matthews and to the Duchess. I finally asked her (with some misgivings) for the *Vailima Letters*. She looked puzzled and slightly disgusted (as if when so many equally good books lay to hand I must needs ask for something eccentric!) and handed me over to a weary-looking man. I have been the head of a book-stand for ten days at a great fair, and I know the weariness whereof I speak; but "that is another story."

I asked him for a copy of the *Vailima Letters*.

He shook his head, "The which letters?"

I repeated it.

He shook his head more dolefully than before.

I grew slightly impatient. "Don't you know? The letters of Stevenson from Vailima."

He withdrew to a corner and took counsel of a fellow-clerk. In a few minutes he returned with a new understanding lighting up his countenance. He approached me confidently, radiantly, then he leaned toward me:

"Stevenson? Oh, yes. You mean Charles Dudley!"

I am unconverted. I still continue to haunt the lower end of the Fifth Avenue. Therefore, if my new spring hat does not boast of a complete flora, if my skirt is not of the latest sweep and swing, the booklover will pity me and understand the wherefore and the why.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

BEYOND BOUNDS.

When Spirit unto Spirit speaks,
Unheeded time or place,
The date is all eternity,
The meeting point—all space.

Dorothea Lummis.

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PARIS LETTER.

It is a curious sign of the times that everybody who has in any way distinguished himself above the general, or has had adventures of any description, employs his leisure in the writing of his memoirs. In the book lists of French, English, German, and American publishers we read announcements of the memoirs of contemporary people, men and women, of whom many have not yet reached maturity. Is this fashion to be traced to egomania or to acquisitiveness? No doubt it has been largely caused by the operations of the interviewer. The Prominent Person has discovered, through the attentions of the interviewer, that the public takes an interest in his or her personality, habits, opinions, and experiences, and is willing to pay for the satisfaction of its curiosity, and very justly decides that if money is to be made out of this, the money might as well come to him. Still, one thinks that the fashion is being carried a little too far, for matters have come to such a pass that the announcement that the little King of Spain was using his infantine pen in the narration of his brief life, would not surprise those who have watched the recent numerous publications of memoirs. Certainly the book of memoirs published in the lifetime of its writer has this advantage over the posthumous publication, that with the fear of the libel laws or of the point of the rapier before his eyes, the author is not likely to defame his contemporaries; but, on the other hand, this very fear must prevent in many cases a real expression of his opinions. The Duc de St. Simon, for instance, would never have dared to write as he did had his intention been to publish his memoirs in his lifetime, and had the present fashion existed in those days we should have been deprived of one of the most interesting books of piquant personalities which we possess. It is, of course, equally impolitic to defer publication too long, for public interest soon wanes, except in the case of very prominent persons, and of most it can be said that "dead they die quick." Who has forgotten what a flash in the pan were the Memoirs of Talleyrand, the publication of which, as ordained in Talleyrand's will, was delayed more than fifty years after his demise? It was found that Talleyrand had ceased to interest the public to any extent, and the publication of his memoirs was almost, if not quite, a financial failure. Had they been published just after his death, they would no doubt be in every library.

The Prince de Sagan has been exchanging shots with M. Abel Hermant. I am reminded of the Prince de Sagan by the reference to Talleyrand, to whom the family owes the immense wealth they derive from the Sagan estates, which are situated in Eastern Prussia, Poland, and Russia. These come to them through the marriage of Talleyrand's nephew to the daughter of the Grand Duchess of Kurland, which took place shortly after the famous meeting between Napoleon and Alexander at Erfurt. While at Erfurt, Talleyrand ingratiated himself with the Czar; indeed, it has been said at some sacrifice of loyalty to his master. When Napoleon fancied Talleyrand in bed, it has been related, this diplomatist might have been found at the house of the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, in confabulation with the youthful Czar. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that the Czar felt so grateful to Talleyrand, that when he was leaving Erfurt, he asked him if he could in any way further his interests. "Certainly, sire," said Talleyrand; "I have two nephews whom I am most anxious to marry advantageously. There is no possibility of doing this in France, for Napoleon keeps all the heiresses for his sergeants and corporals." He went on to say that he very much wanted to arrange a marriage between his younger nephew and the daughter and heiress of the Grand Duchess of Kurland. The Czar at once promised to speak to the Duchess on his behalf. "I shall have an opportunity of doing so almost immediately," he said, "as on my way to St. Petersburg I shall stay a few days with her." This marriage was subsequently carried out, and the immense estates of the Kurlands came into the Talleyrand family.

In the clubs in Paris it is considered that it was ill-advised of the Prince de Sagan to challenge Hermant because of

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a supposed caricature in the play *La Meute* (which certainly contains a very transparent allusion to the transactions between young Talleyrand-Périgord and poor Lebaudy). It is said, very truly, that the only result has been to give a splendid advertisement to the play, and thus to benefit the author rather than to punish him. Certainly more *esprit* was displayed by the Duc de Morny when he was placed in a similar position some years ago, and all Paris was running to see Lavedan's *La Princesse X* at the Vaudeville. He did not challenge Lavedan for putting him on the stage, but took a box for the season and visited the Vaudeville almost every night, leading the laughter provoked by the words and actions of his *travesti*.

The bloodless issue of this duel has evoked in the English press the usual comments. Because neither de Sagan nor Abel Hermant was killed, the encounter is described as a farce. Certainly neither wished to kill the other. In England a man usually avenges a direct insult with his fists. Does he want to kill his adversary? I think not, and Her Majesty's Commissioners for Oyer and Terminer would have something to say if he did. In a duel there is the probability of a nasty wound, and a risk of death, and a certain amount of courage is needed to face these contingencies. I will admit that in pistol duelling the risk is a small one, because of the very short time allowed for taking aim. You have to raise your pistol, aim, and fire while the *directeur du combat* is counting three. If you fire after the *Trois*, you are guilty of an act of treachery, and should you wound your man you would become liable to the criminal law. Yet I have known many cases where a man has been killed in a pistol duel.

I have received a letter from Alphonse Daudet from Venice. He asks me if it is worth while his saying anything more about his prospects of becoming an Academician, and adds, "It appears, also, from an English paper, that I received £50,000 for my novel *Sapho. Quelle richesse d'imagination.*" He sent me a little book of epigrams, which I can commend to every lover of Italian. It is entitled *Epigrammi Italiani, scelti e ordinati da Guida Mazzoni*, and is published by Barbèra, of Florence. A most dainty book, containing the best specimens of that delicate irony which is the bouquet of Italian wit, from Guiseppe Giusti in the thirteenth century, down to the present day. The pasquinade finds no place in these pages, and that is as it should be, because there is here nothing but what is light and pointed. This book certainly establishes the superiority of the Italian epigrammist over his French *confrère*—doubtless the language is more supple—and its pages are a delightful treat to the philologist. I have put it in my library next to Druguelin's dainty little book of German sayings, which date from Martin Luther down to the present day. It is the rapier next to the club. Chamfort and de la Rochefoucauld would, in this comparison, represent a cavalry sabre.

Léon Daudet was with his father. His last book, *Le Voyage de Shakespeare*, appears to be doing well. I have received from a French critic, whose opinion I esteem above those of his contemporaries, a letter dated from Milan, in which he writes about this book. "The somewhat too precise way in which he has treated his subject destroys, without explaining it, the great mystery of human intelligence and the formation of genius; but there is much talent, force, verve, and colour in this book, which is superior to anything which Léon Daudet has yet given us."

The gossips continue to assert that a marriage has been arranged between Jeanne Hugo and M. Hanotaux. In the meanwhile M. Hanotaux has been employing his leisure in writing a book on Madagascar, which is mainly an apology (in the literary sense of the word) for his action in the matter of the recent expedition to that colony and its conquest under his ministry. It is usual in France for Ministers temporarily shelved to issue bulky tomes, in which they explain their policy to the public. I have a number of such books, but my experience is that their interest is only relative, for they are in the main special pleading, and naturally so.

The amount of literature on Madagascar increases each week, and, for the most part, appears of little value, from the fact that in most cases it is the outcome of a too rapid survey of a very large country. Perhaps the best book we have had so far on Madagascar is Dr. Louis Catat's *Madagascar*, published by Hachette. Dr. Catat spent more than a

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year travelling in the island, and this book is the true account of his travels, not a compilation "rushed out" in consequence of recent events.

A word should also be said in favour of Armand Colin's *Pages Choisies des Grands Écrivains*, a series which can be specially recommended to those who are beginning to study French literature, or who have no time for more than the titbits of the most renowned French authors. Each volume is devoted to one single author, and contains notable passages from his principal works. Thus those who dare not face Balzac's fifty volumes, can get some notion of his *Comédie Humaine* from the "H. de Balzac" published by Armand Colin. There are volumes of selections from Gautier, Guyau, Flaubert; and others are in preparation. Everything objectionable is omitted, so that the books are suited for family reading. At the same time, as has been pointed out, it might be unsafe to create in young people a desire to know more of such books as, for instance, *La Cousine Bette* and *Madame Bovary*.

Robert H. Sherard.
123 Boulevard Magenta, Paris.

HOLD ME NOT FALSE.

"Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove."

Hold me not false, O friend! The year is young,
The streams are breaking bounds, the throbbing sap
Swells in the purpling branches of the trees,
And furry leaf-buds fringe the softening boughs;
While, down amid the leaves of lost last year,
Sweet spring has won a rosy blossoming.
Change is not always death: hold me not false,
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Hold me not false! See how the affluent Earth
Opens her bare brown bosom to the plough;
Seed-death brings harvest resurrection. Ah!
Hot-hearted earth, wherefore thy flaming wrath?
Wherefore the heaving sea, offenceless torn,
Or fiery vapors blown o'er smiling skies?
. . . . Behold! another island!
Earth hath changed;
Believe in me a little while, O friend!

Believe in me! On all the autumn woods,
And on the fields by mower's scythe left bare,
Gleameth a glory monarch never knew.
The barns are full, and Mother Earth, bereft,
Glows in her festal raiment. Royal robes
To deck a mourner? But the barns are full!
Change is not always death; hold me not false!
Believe in me a little while, O friend.

Wilt thou believe at last, when Winter spreads
Her ermine mantle o'er the frozen fields;
When all the birds are dumb, and winds are chill,
And bare black branches sharply cut gray sky?
Ah! see, the crimson of the waiting west
Glows later every evening; spring will come!
Silence, desertion, death, shall not be truth!
Believe in me a little while, O friend.

Katharine Pearson Woods.

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NEW BOOKS.

A MODERN ARCADIAN IDYLL.*

It was a happy thought that suggested to Mr. Allen the change of title for his new book. *Butterflies: A Tale of Nature*, as we read it in the *Cosmopolitan*, has now become *Summer in Arcady*. The close communion and sympathy with Nature, and the noble interpretation of her wayward moods and changing phases manifested in *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* find nobler, sweeter, ampler expression in the luminous, sunlit, sun-flushed pages of his new story. Take, for instance, this passage:

"In Kentucky, June is the season for picnics in the woodland pastures. The skies are fairest then. The earth has the perfect beauty of the young summer. The big oaks and walnuts and maples cast their round shade heavy with new leaves. The breezes blow sweet with the scent of fields never far away, sweet with the odour of crushed grass. The warm-eyed, bronzed, foot-stamping young bucks forsake their ploughshares in the green rows, their reapers among the yellow beards; and the bouncing, laughing, round-breasted girls arrange their ribbons and their vows. It is the Arcady of that passionate land and people. It is the country dance of merry England, full of love and mischief, that was danced by our forefathers centuries ago, is danced to-day on Kentish greens, and is destined to be danced for hundreds of years to come among these unchanging Southern children of the mother-land."

But our American Theocritus has a deeper meaning in conjuring once more with the vast interwoven realm of Nature's influences. Since *Aftermath* the author has taken a great bound, and Nature in *Summer in Arcady* is no longer the amphitheatre in which the poet passively sits and listens to the music of her passing seasons, music at once so cheery and so sad, but it is Nature driving men and women "swiftly onward, along with orchard and cattle, grain, insect, and weed, to what we love pompously and ignorantly to call in human life the great hours of destiny." As we enter upon the pastoral peace and benignant beauty of the rural scenes pictured in the opening chapters, we hear the low rumble of the coming storm of tempestuous human passion, harshly at variance with the calm and restful spirit that broods under the transport of all-compelling, unfathomable Nature.

"Can you consider a field of butterflies and not think of the blindly wandering, blindly loving, quickly passing human race? Can you observe two young people at play on the meadows of Life and Love without seeing in them a pair of these brief moths of the sun?"

That the calm is treacherous; that the deep, tranquil outlook of the quiet, sunlit land spread out before us is fraught with tragic forces for the young human lives that sport on its bosom is well-nigh incredible, but, like a bolt from the blue, falls the ominous portent:

"'Go it, my children!' said Nature, looking on. 'Dance away! Whatever is natural is right.'

"'Yes,' said the Devil, who also attends picnics. 'Go it, *my* children! Whatever is natural is right.'"

So ends the fifth chapter, and in silent terror and wonder we follow the conflicting, tormenting, fateful thread of circumstances which winds Daphne and Hilary inseparably together, and nearly works their ruin, to the glad end. For they are saved, but it is as by fire.

We are confronted in recent literature with the struggle, so often renewed by the children of genius, against the common laws, and forces, and issues of human conduct. "Sin" is never for them—as the character in one of their novels has said—a word of weighty import. M. Renan's half-tolerant, half-sceptical dismissal of the problems of evil and responsibility, when asked what he made of sin, sounds the keynote of all their negative work: "*Eh bien, je crois que je le supprime.*" Sin is for the most part suppressed; vice is gilded with the glamour of passion; what is natural is insinuated as right and virtuous; the instinct of passion is glorified without regard to the sanction of all that is holiest and highest in human life and in civilised societies, as if the purest love could do no wrong, could not betray or be betrayed. "We know them too well—these black, chaotic books of the new fiction," says Mr. Allen in his preface—"know what unhealthy suggestions they have

* Summer in Arcady: A Tale of Nature. By James Lane Allen. New York: Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

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courted, what exposures of the eternally hidden they have coarsely made, what ideals of personal depravity they have scattered broadcast, what principles of social order they have attacked, what bases of universal decency they have been resolute to undermine."

It has been Mr. Allen's purpose in telling his story to advance a protest against this downward-moving fiction, and to invest his "tale of Nature" with "the taste and quality of healthful repudiation." Never has the peril of passion been portrayed so relentlessly and with such terrible earnestness as in the story of these two robust young lives thrown together in the crimson flush of the earliest summer of life. Everything seems to make the slippery path that leads to ruin easy for them; Nature, intent on a single aim, directs all her power against their weakness; and yet out of this situation the author has wrested a moral victory for each of the characters, and for the old-established order of civilisation. So bent is the author on his purpose, so reverently has he bared some of the veiled and secret mysteries of life, so deeply has he touched the moral instincts of our higher nature, so vigorously has he plied the scalpel to conscience, so luridly does the lightning of danger play out and in among the dark shadows of evil passion and desire as he traces their issues, that the prurient tendencies of our baser nature, instead of being fired, are set back and conquered in the glow of sympathy and in the wonderful tenderness and compassion which are wrought into the moral conflict. The hot blasts of passion that find vent in the struggle for supremacy are cooled and quenched by the breath of purity that sweeps down from the height of moral and spiritual beauty upon which the author stands. The sincerity of the writer is patent on every page. Every word is weighted with moral intensity and makes straight for its goal. When Nature is having her own way with lusty youth, the finger-post points its deadly legend: That way lie moral ruin and death. The story is frankly, fearlessly told; a less courageous man would have halted, and wavered, and compromised in the end with the enemy. What has given their tremendous moral force to *The Heart of Midlothian*, to *Romola*, to *Rhoda Fleming* has lifted *Summer in Arcady* on to the same spiritual plane, for it is to a "spiritual country" the author tells us that the conflict he has described belongs. To tamper with the moral law inherent in human nature is to invite and to inherit, not only for ourselves but for posterity, all the awful consequences that follow sin. Nature may laugh on, as is her wont, over her victims; but God is not mocked. "Thou shalt not" is writ large over the whole tale; to say, as some have said, that it is "unnecessary" simply defines the point of view and lends emphasis to its greater need, for the Son of Man came not to save the righteous, but the sinners. The story that Mr. Allen has written was never more needed.

We should have liked to trace for the reader the upward lifting of Hilary's better nature as the white flower of passion began to grow on the rakish soil of his wild youth when brought into contact with the purity and innocence of Daphne's love, until that "something that is not pursuit and enjoyment of another, but self-sacrifice for another's sake," possessed him fully, and the playground in the summer woods was changed for a bare foothold on a steep mountain rock, where the right and the wrong of life and death yawned near both. But the reader must follow the development of character in the story for himself.

George Meredith in *Rhoda Fleming* has said: "The young man who can look on them we call fallen women with a noble eye is, to my mind, he that is most nobly begotten of the race, and likeliest to be the sire of a noble line." This memorable passage was recalled to our mind by the following sentences in Mr. Allen's noble preface, which, by the way, is in itself one of the most remarkable pieces of literature that we have seen for a long time:

"No man has ever sat gravely and sincerely down to study the lights and shadows of our common human destiny, desiring to transfer these in the due proportion of reality to the creations of his art, without sooner or later being driven to perceive that into nearly all the lights falls one dark ray from one great shadow—the greatest shadow of the world—its outcast women. This story has been sent very near to the old, old pathway that has always been trodden and is trodden to-day by these, alas! wandering, innumerable ones; and the writer has cast it in that direction with the utmost desire that it might do some good in this way."

There are men here and there in the world who tower above their fellows in

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moral strength and spiritual beauty, and who, mingling among men in their daily occupations and social amenities, unconsciously check the flow of evil and make faith in goodness easy for other men. There is no moralising in *Summer in Arcady;* it is a "tale of Nature;" but it is charged with moral force and will have the same moralising effect that life has in the end. If Mr. Allen, in this new departure, has shown—and we believe he has—that passion in fiction can be made to serve a nobler ethical purpose by his use of the same weapons that are viciously and mischievously wielded by other writers, and that an imaginative realism, transfigured by idealism, is nearer to the truth in life than a sordid realism allied to animalism, then *Summer in Arcady* will not have been written in vain.

James MacArthur.

EGBERT'S LATIN INSCRIPTIONS.*

When the late Professor Jowett died, it was said of him by a friend who was summarising the opinions and prejudices of that eminent scholar, that he never regarded the study of epigraphy as being anything more than a harmless fad, and that while he would probably have admitted, if pressed, that it might have some value, it was to him at best only a sort of *parergon* of classical study rather than an illumining source of knowledge. This attitude is one that has been curiously characteristic of the mass of English scholars, who in this respect more, perhaps, than in any other have shown their marked isolation from their brethren of the Continent. As early as the second period of the Renaissance, the immense importance of the study of inscriptions was clearly recognised, and continuous effort long ago set it upon a scientific basis, so that all departments of classical philology—language, literature, law, archæology, history, and palæography—have directly profited by the labours of men like Maffei, Marini, Orelli, Boeckh, Ritschl, Kirchhoff, and Mommsen. As early as 1732 the great *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions was projected by Maffei; and its inception and development by Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen show how important a place epigraphy has occupied in the minds of Continental philologists.

England, however, not only failed to contribute anything to this great work of investigation, but it practically ignored what foreign students had discovered. With the exception of Wordsworth's *Fragments and Specimens*, which appeared in 1874, and was speedily permitted to go out of print, and a recent slight and unsatisfactory volume by Mr. Rushforth, Englishmen have turned their backs upon one of the most fruitful and unimpeachable sources of information that antiquity has left us.

Our own countrymen, on the other hand, ever since they cut loose from the elegant but sterile traditions of English classical scholarship and began sending their youth to Leipzig and Berlin instead of to Oxford and Cambridge, have eagerly followed out the lines of research that the epigraphists of the Continent first opened up. No American university of any standing has failed for many years to make the study of inscriptions a necessary part of its classical work, and no advanced students have been allowed to leave its halls without an appreciation of the great value of this study. Scholars like Professor Frederic D. Allen, of Harvard, Professor Minton Warren, of the Johns Hopkins University, and the late Professor Merriam, of Columbia, early won honourable recognition for the results which they achieved in this important field of philological labour. Yet the practical teaching of epigraphy in our colleges has been always very seriously hampered by the lack of any convenient and accessible material to work upon. The fifteen enormous volumes of the Latin *Corpus*, for instance, were not only appalling from their size and bulk and the mass of inscriptional matter with which they overwhelmed the beginner, but their great cost made them inaccessible to the average student, and even to the libraries of many slenderly endowed institutions of learning. The manuals and smaller treatises, such as the excellent one of René Cagnat, the *Anleitung* of Bone, the *Exempla* of Hübner, and the works of Wilmanns, Dessau, Ritschl, and others, are all published in foreign countries and give their information in a foreign

* An Introduction to the Study of Latin Inscriptions. By James C. Egbert, Jr., Ph.D., Adjunct Professor of Latin in Columbia College. New York: American Book Co. $3.50.

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language, thus adding to the difficulties of an already difficult subject. Therefore, epigraphy has up to the present time been followed by American students in the face of many discouragements, and with an expenditure of effort out of all proportion to the inherent perplexities of the task.

For the student of Roman epigraphy, all these stumbling-blocks have now been swept away forever by the volume that is now before us. It is not the province of a purely literary journal like THE BOOKMAN to devote any especial attention to works of a purely technical description; yet the unusual character of this book of Professor Egbert's not only justifies but demands a departure from our custom; for its appearance attains to the dignity of an event in the history of American classical scholarship, while its most admirable presentation of a great subject gives it absolute as well as relative importance.

The volume, which is a compact and handsome book of 468 pages, opens with an introduction, which gives a full account of the bibliography of the subject, with very serviceable information as to the contents and character of each work cited, an analytical sketch of the Latin *Corpus*, and a statement regarding methodology. The history of the Latin alphabet is next taken up and treated with unusual fulness, followed by a like chapter on its morphology, with pictorial tables of the different kinds of letters found in inscriptions, from the archaic period down to the later Empire, and including the Pompeian cursives and the alphabets in provincial inscriptions. The different methods of making letters are fully treated with photographic reproductions to illustrate the text. A chapter on the Latin numerals follows, the Roman name is fully treated, and the remaining sections of the book deal with the names and titles of the emperors with chronological lists and official titles; while the third part gives a great number of selected inscriptions, classified as *tituli* and as documents. A final chapter has to do with the restoration and dating of inscriptions, with tables of archaisms, of the *legiones*, of imperial relationships, and of abbreviations. Complete indices to the subjects treated and to the inscriptions quoted end the book.

The great interest and value to the classical student and the classical teacher of such a work as this cannot possibly be overstated. It puts within the reach of every one a mass of material and of admirably selected information such as no other single volume now in existence affords; and whether one be interested in epigraphy proper or in collateral subjects of study, Professor Egbert's volume is simply invaluable. It blends the practical experience of the teacher with the learning and minute research of the trained specialist, and it gives everything both in material for study and in introductory and exegetical information that any one not a specialist can desire. A striking feature of its pages is the lavish reproduction by photography of the most significant inscriptions in their actual forms, and the preservation throughout of the letters as they actually appear. Here are the famous Fibula Prænestina, with the oldest bit of existing Latin; the Duenos Inscription on its three little pots; and here are a great number of bricks, vases, milestones, *tesseræ*, *laminæ*, *amphoræ*, inscribed bowls, leaden slugs, tombstones, and pedestals from which the student can read the inscriptions precisely as though he were gazing upon the originals in the Vatican, the Museo Nazionale, the Louvre, or the British Museum.

The admirable chronology of the Roman emperors and the very complete index are the work of Mr. George Olcott. A special word of praise must be given to the remarkable liberality of the publishers, who have allowed Professor Egbert a perfectly free hand in making the book the very best that could possibly be produced. The cost of the reproductions so lavishly supplied must have been very great, and the perfection of the details represents an obvious outlay of both money and mechanical skill. Yet apart from any mere pecuniary results, this enlightened spirit will secure immediate reward; for a publishing house that so generously encourages the highest aims of liberal study is bound to win a coveted position in the estimation of all educated men, both as having performed a genuine service to the cause of sound learning, and as having been the means of conferring conspicuous honour upon American classical scholarship.

P.

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THE DAMNATION OF THERON WARE.*

The question is often asked why American novelists are, on the whole, so much less satisfactory and strong than their English contemporaries; why they seldom get beyond a certain limited and precocious cleverness; and why, after reaching this stage of development, they so suddenly and so prematurely decline into a state of proleptic literary decay? We, for our part, are unwilling to attribute this undeniable fact to any natural inferiority, but prefer to set it down to that national spirit of impatience which refuses to take the time necessary to attain a well-rounded artistic maturity, and substitutes a sort of forcing process, which is in the end destructive to even a moderate success. Mr. Harold Frederic is one of the happy exceptions to this general rule, and his latest novel fully bears us out in our theory by its striking testimony to the value of literary hibernation.

When *The Lawton Girl* appeared some ten years ago, its success was such as would have justified in his own eyes the typical American novelist in stopping his development right there and devoting the rest of his life to the production of the pot-boilers that would have found a market on the strength of this one fine piece of work. But Mr. Frederic had a good share of common sense, and a power of self-criticism that is getting to be one of the lost arts. He knew perfectly well—what the most enlightened critics of his book also knew—that while *The Lawton Girl* was good, while it was original, and while it was strong and sound, it was by no means as good and original and strong and sound as would be the best work of which Mr. Frederic was capable. And so he refused to let his head be turned by any evanescent praise, and steadily kept before him a future success that should be less blended with critical qualification. He let journalism provide him with an income, and he wrote fiction only sparingly and with a conscientious desire to put forth only what was really best and most mature. The result was that the literary boomers presently left him alone to go his own way. The public presently lost sight of him. Several subsequent novels attracted little notice, for they still represented the formative period of his career; and to the eyes of the ordinary reviewer Mr. Frederic was a man who had done his best work and was practically shelved as a popular novelist.

It is now evident, however, even to the untrained mind, that the probationary stage of his evolution has ended; and in the book that he has just completed no one can fail to see that a master of fiction has come into the reward that he has so richly earned. *The Damnation of Theron Ware* is distinctly a great novel. It has all the originality of theme and treatment that distinguish *The Lawton Girl* and *The Copperhead;* and it has also a sureness of touch and a conscious power that are lacking in all of the author's earlier books. In them he always left one with the impression of a *coup manqué;* in this he forces an irresistible conviction of success upon the most unfriendly reader.

The protagonist of the story is the Reverend Theron Ware, a young Methodist minister, half educated, inexperienced, and crude, and with a temperament that is a dangerous accompaniment for ignorance, inexperience, and crudeness; for he is sensitive, impressionable, and unstable, with the orator's facility for self-deception. At the outset of the book we find him in attendance on the Conference, awaiting an assignment from his bishop. His young wife, Alice, a strong and loyal but rather unsympathetic character, is with him. Mr. Frederic's sketch of the Conference is masterly, and shows the most intimate acquaintance with the *mise en scène* of such a gathering in a raw little town of Central New York. The women of the First M. E. Church, with their country finery, reminiscent of the social gatherings at the oyster suppers of the Ladies' Aid Society; the small tradesmen; the local horse-doctor; the old-time exhorters, listening intently with trembling, misshapen hands behind their hairy ears; the middle-aged preachers, with shaven upper lips and a fringe of beard; the younger and more urban ministers, with a smug attempt at clerical attire—white neckties, oiled hair, and trimmed whiskers—and finally the doddering old bishop, who blunders over the list of names as he reads it under the flaring gas-jets

* The Damnation of Theron Ware. By Harold Frederic. Chicago: Stone & Kimball. $1.50.

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—here is a picture drawn from the very life.

Theron Ware is assigned for three years to the town of Octavius—a bitter disappointment, as he had hoped to be sent to the thriving city of Tecumseh. But he goes to his new home, and there finds his moral overthrow. Three characters, all very strongly drawn, cross his path. One is a cynical, eccentric, and deeply read physician, who overpowers the shallow Ware by his immense learning; the second is a Roman Catholic priest, who at heart is an agnostic, and who is also a man of intellectual power; and finally there is the central figure of the story, one Celia Madden, a beautiful and perverse young woman, with mahogany red hair, a refined sensuousness, and possessed of a variety of accomplishments such as the raw young Methodist never before dreamed. She is the daughter of an Irishman born a peasant, but now the wealthiest person in the place, and one who gratifies all her whims and never dreams of questioning her most extravagant caprice. Celia Madden amuses herself with Theron Ware. She takes him by night into her studio, whose dainty bits of decoration, its studied carelessness in light and shadow, its pictures and statues and draperies, its old-world bits of colour, and, above all, the strange music that she plays to him, captivate his awakened senses and make him the willing victim of her fascinations. His inexperience does not see that she is only playing with him. It is all deadly earnest to him. He strives in a way that is half pathetic and half contemptible to rise to her intellectual level; and meanwhile the sarcasm of the physician and the cultivated cynicism of the priest wreck his faith and bankrupt his beliefs. At last the awakening comes; he goes too far; and Celia turns on him, and with a cold contempt that almost blasts his sanity tells him what she really thinks of him:

"'We were disposed to like you very much when we first knew you,' she tells him. 'You impressed us as an innocent, simple, genuine young character full of mother's milk. . . . Your honesty of nature, your sincerity in that absurd religion of yours, your general *naïveté* of mental and spiritual get up, all pleased us a great deal. We thought you were going to be a real acquisition. . . . Instead, we find you inflating yourself with all sorts of egotisms and vanities. . . . Your whole mind became an unpleasant thing to contemplate. You thought it would amuse and impress us to hear you ridiculing and reviling the people of your church, whose money supports you, and making a mock of the things they believe in, and which for your life you wouldn't dare let them know you didn't believe in. What were you thinking of not to comprehend that that would disgust us? You showed me once—do you remember?—a life of George Sand that you had just bought—bought because you had just discovered that she had an unclean side to her life. You chuckled as you spoke to me about it, and you were for all the world like a little nasty boy, giggling over something dirty that older people had learned not to notice. . . . What you took to be improvement was degeneration. When you thought that you were impressing us most by your smart sayings and doings, you were reminding us most of the fable about the donkey trying to play lap-dog. And it wasn't even an honest, straightforward donkey at that!"

Ware is crushed with shame and rage, and rushes off into a long, drunken debauch, trying in vain to drown the memory of his humiliation. In the end he makes a sort of half-way recovery, returns to his wife, leaves the ministry, and the book ends with his expressed intention to turn his oratorical gifts to political uses.

We have given here only the very slightest sketch of the motive of a book that is full of incident and of subtle appreciation of character. There is humour, too, and a minute knowledge of certain phases of life. The scene where the three Methodist trustees call on Ware to admonish him against too much erudition in his sermons and incidentally to object to the worldly trimming of his wife's bonnet, the glimpse of the camp-meeting, the account of the two professional church debt-raisers—the woman an ex-variety actress and the husband a loose fish—there are a dozen other passages all written with extraordinary vividness and truth; while that in which Celia's playing of Chopin is told is a very remarkable piece of descriptive writing, and we think one that could only have come from the pen of one who is himself an enthusiastic musician. The whole novel is one of a very high order. Its materials belong to every-day life as surely as do those of Mr. Howells; but the author uses them as Mr. Howells only once or twice succeeds in doing, in such a way as to bring out with appalling truth the tragedy whose elements exist in every human life. But in one portion of the novel we think that Mr. Frederic has, consciously or unconsciously, borrowed the theme that forms the central motive of *Robert Elsmere*.

H. T. Peck.

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ANDRÉ CHÉNIER.*

French critics tell us that Chénier has too long been regarded as a graceful and tender young poet perishing in the first flower of youth, and that he matured rapidly, passed through many experiences, and became completely "maître de ses idées." They find in his verse strength and authority equal in degree to his sentiment.

Therefore we must consider the author of this book as one of the sentimental admirers of the poet upon whom the guillotine throws a romantic nimbus, and turn for our point of view to the more temperate critics, who study his verses with a clearer and equally as enthusiastic a vision. Chénier was thirty-two when he stepped upon the scaffold, a man who belonged as much to the world of Paris as to the land of dreams; therefore the attitude taken in the short preface is one of indiscriminating adoration.

It was Sainte-Beuve who determined Chénier's place in French literature by calling him "notre plus grand classique en vers depuis Racine et Boileau,"—not exactly a compliment that one would pay to juvenile promise.

If the author of this little volume had carefully determined to cut out Chénier's most characteristic qualities, she probably would not have succeeded so well. These are fastidious diction and conservative rhymes, resulting in a style marked by a frigid elegance. "Knowing Greek as his maternal tongue," says Sainte-Beuve, "he studied French with the same care and exactness that one applies to an ancient language;" and a later critic, Becq de Fouquières, considers that "his vocabulary is rich, but not according to the method of modern poets, rich in just and precious words. He is seldom mistaken in his choice and employment of a word; he knows well its weight and its carrying quality, not according to modern so much as original usage, and he loves to use a word in its primitive sense, which has frequently been changed by custom, but which the old French writers preserve."

Obviously, then, Chénier's verse almost baffles the translator, and only a master of the English language could preserve the crystal of his lines. Chénier would never have maltreated French by cutting out the vowels, which every one knows carry the music of the words and the sonority of the rhythm. These translations abound in such ragged words as "pris'ner," "mem'ry," "suff'ring," "off'ring." We also find such prevalent mutilations as "'mongst," "'neath," "'mid," and even "'mong"! These are used in places where a little diligence would have created a word in full possession of its limbs.

We must also condemn the habit of elaborating one line when the succeeding one refuses to wear an English garb. The result is that a new turn is given to the verse, and Chénier's idea, or the essence of it, evaporates.

Of *Le Jeu de Paume*, the famous ode to Louis David, but one strophe is translated, given as a complete poem that stands conspicuously at the end of the book. Nothing tells us except a previous acquaintance that this is incomplete; and as the *Jeu de Paume*, suggested by David's painting of Parliament taking its oath in the room of that name in Versailles, consists of 581 lines instead of 21, and 22 strophes instead of one, this is very much like an impostor.

After the verses "To Fanny" we find ten lines appended which have nothing to do with the four stanzas. They form a separate poem which treats of exile (not from Fanny, but France); yet no explanation follows, and not even the spacing gives any hint of their independence of each other. The effect in reading this as a single composition is quite startling. The same thing happens in the case of *La Jeune Captive*.

Suspended from a prose translation of the *First Chapter of a Proposed Work on the Causes and Effects of the Perfection and Decadence of Letters* is what first appears to be a long poem of eighty-nine lines. In examining it carefully one finds that it is not a continuous poem, but is composed of scraps from other works placed together without explanation. The first ten lines are a translation of an élégie, beginning "Bel astre de Vénus, de son front délicat" (page 145 of Chénier's *Poésies*†); the following eight lines of "Allez, mes vers, allez; je me confie en vous" (page 219); an-

* André Chénier. A Memorial by Louie R. Heller. New York: Home Book Company.

† Edition of Firmin-Didot et Cie, Paris, 1883.

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other six lines, "Fanny, l'heureux mortel qui près de toi respire" (page 384), and similar arbitrarily selected fragments posing here as one connected poem. Not a clue is given to the originals; and we have never seen before such a unique liberty taken with an author's works.

As Chénier's rhymes are so very perfect, we naturally feel surprised to find them rendered into English words that have not even a bowing acquaintance as regards rhyme, both as to sound and colour. Here are a few of them: "devoreth, death;" "courage, image;" "deign, again;" "thro', too"!

The original play of André Chénier, which seems to afford the excuse for the meagre translations, is utterly weak and valueless, and must be considered with the bits of verse as belonging to the list of amateur productions.

Chénier suffered less at the guillotine!

Esther Singleton.

BOOKS ABOUT THE STAGE.*

There is a certain sameness in all the volumes of actors' autobiographies with which the shelves of the dramatic collector's library are lined; and so it is small wonder that there should be a little similarity between the two latest—one of them the long story of the stage career of a comedian who had been a member of the Comédie-Française for thirty years, and the other the brief account of the few seasons spent in the theatres of the United States and Great Britain by an actress who chose to forsake the boards while in the flush of her beauty and her youth, and while her gifts were still ripening and her art still maturing. It would be misleading to suggest that either M. Febvre's narrative or Mme. de Navarro's is equal in the importance of its subject or in the skill of its telling to the incomparable *Apology for the Life of Colley Cibber*, that most vivid and picturesque of all histrionic autobiographies. Yet they have, each of them, an interest of their own; and in each of them the student of the stage can find his profit.

Lamb thought it some compensation for growing old that he had been born in time to see the *School for Scandal* in all the glory of its first cast. I refuse to admit that I am growing old myself, but as it happens I can recall distinctly the acting of M. Febvre in the *Famille Benoiton* at the Vaudeville in 1866 before he was called by the Comédie Française; and in the past thirty years I have had the pleasure of seeing him in the best of the characters he has sustained as one of that splendid company. As it happened, he alone of all the important performers of the Théâtre Français was not a graduate of the Conservatory, and it cost him an immensity of labor to acquire in middle life the clearness and the breadth of delivery which the French poetic drama demands, and which is to be obtained most easily in youth and at the Conservatory. For years M. Febvre at the Théâtre Français was like an army officer appointed from civil life among West Pointers, and in nothing is his memoir more instructive than his frank acknowledgment of his own deficiencies of delivery and his statement of the ceaseless toil he imposed on himself in the vain effort to make up for his early disadvantages. For the rest, his book is pleasant enough reading to those who have followed the theatres of Paris in the second half of this century. It has two prefaces, one to each volume—one by M. Claretie, now the administrator of the Comédie Française, and the other by the late Alexandre Dumas, *fils*. It has not a few misprints, not only in the English proper names, which occur now and then, but also in the French text. And it enables us more than once to catch at least a glimpse of that snobbishness of which M. Febvre has often been accused—a snobbishness which leads him to lug in the name of the Prince of Wales as often as he can, and which even tempts him

* A Few Memories. By Mary Anderson (Madame de Navarro). New York: Harper & Bros.

Journal d'un Comédien. Par Frédéric Febvre. Paris: Ollendorff; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

The Theatrical "World" of 1895. By William Archer. London: Walter Scott; New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Dramatic Essays: John Forster and George Henry Lewes. With notes and an introduction by William Archer and Robert W. Lowe. London: Walter Scott; New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Les Théâtres Parisiens. Par J. J. Weiss. Paris: Calmann Lévy; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

Demi-Cabots: Le Café-Concert, Le Cirque, Les Forains. Paris: Charpentier & Fasquelle; New York: Dyrsen & Pfeiffer.

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into stating (ii. 249) that he showed Maximilian of Mexico over the Théâtre Français, although he was not a member of the Comédie Française until two years after Maximilian had left Europe finally.

There is no need for me to dwell on the pleasant pages of Mme. de Navarro's fragmentary autobiography, especially as the volume has already been considered at length in THE BOOKMAN. The autobiography of Mary Anderson is a book to go on the shelf of the collector by the side of the autobiographies of Fanny Kemble and of Anna Cora Mowatt; and I do not think that Mme. de Navarro's *Few Memories* will be found inferior in interest or in entertainment to the *Records of a Girlhood* of Mrs. Butler, or to the *Life of an Actress* of Mrs. Ritchie. The three books have many things in common, and, taken together, they suggest a comparison of the British stage in 1830 with the American stage in 1850 and again in 1880—a comparison for which, tempting as it seems, I have no space now. All three books reveal fascinating personalities, and all three have the charm which comes from the self-revelation of autobiography; as Longfellow declared, "autobiography is what biography ought to be."

One of the things to be discovered by the diligent study of the books on the shelves of the dramatic collector's library is that a really great theatrical manager is a far rarer creature than a really great actor; and that in like manner there are far more dramatic authors of high rank than there are dramatic critics of equal importance. Indeed, the list of the foremost dramatists of the chief literatures of the world is very long; and the list of the really important critics of the acted drama is very short. There were four great Greek dramatists whose works have come down to us, and only one great dramatic critic. In all the eighteenth century Germany had but one real critic of the contemporary stage—Lessing; and in all the nineteenth century France has had but one possessed of an experience and equipment and an insight worthy of comparison with Lessing's—M. Francisque Sarcey. In the second half of the nineteenth century there have been in Great Britain two dramatic critics having an intense love for the stage, taking delight in all its manifestations, understanding the conditions of the theatric art, accepting cosmopolitan standards due to a wide acquaintance with other literatures, ancient and modern, and being possessed also of a full share of the critical faculty. These two are the late George Henry Lewes and the living William Archer; and of the two I think Mr. Archer has the wider experience, the richer equipment, and the keener insight.

Mr. Archer is the accredited critic of the London *World;* and for now three years he has annually revised his weekly articles and sent them forth as a yearbook of the acted drama in London. That there has been a renascence of the drama is obvious to all who follow the stage of our time. Thirty years ago the drama was literature only in France; now the drama is often literature in Scandinavia and in Germany, and to a less extent in Great Britain and in the United States. Of course the influence of Ibsen counts for much. Had not Ibsen written, probably Sudermann, and Echegaray, and Pinero would not have arrived at their present stage of development. It was Mr. Archer who gave us the English translation of Ibsen, and it was Mr. Archer who welcomed every attempt to get a little more real life into the formulas of the contemporary theatre. See in the present volume the cordiality with which he praised Mr. Thomas's *Alabama* as it was acted in London last fall. See the clearness with which he indicated the real advance Mr. Pinero made in *The Benefit of the Doubt.* See the articles on Signora Duse's acting, on the Maeterlinck plays, on *Magda*, on *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith.*

A selection of the hitherto uncollected criticisms of John Forster (Macready's friend and Dickens's biographer) accompanies a selection of Lewes's dramatic essays, which has now been made by Mr. Archer and his friend Mr. Lowe (to whom we owe an admirable edition of Cibber's *Apology*). The Forster papers are not first-rate, but the criticisms by Lewes are well worthy of the author of the invaluable volume *On Actors and the Art of Acting*, which is, perhaps, the best book on the histrionic art in our language. In his introduction Mr. Archer points out how modern Lewes was in his point of view, and how he has anticipated many of the turns of

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modern taste. For example, he saw the literary flimsiness of Scribe, but he recognised the dramaturgic skill of that master of stagecraft. Especially refreshing is Lewes's frankness in discussing the deficiencies of the Elizabethan dramatists, and he takes delight in showing —what is not yet fully admitted—that the most of Shakespeare's contemporaries were very poor playmakers, however brilliant they might be as poets or as rhetoricians.

The late J. J. Weiss was one of the most brilliant of the French journalists of his generation ; and for three years he acted as the dramatic critic of the *Débats*. Since his death three volumes have been collected from the weekly articles written for the *Débats* in 1883–85 ; this volume on *Les Théâtres Parisiens* is the third. They are all easy reading, for Weiss was a brilliant writer, and they are all interesting, but they owe their interest rather to Weiss himself than to the actual criticism of the acted drama contained in them. Weiss was not a born dramatic critic, nor had he trained himself for the task, nor did he take it seriously enough ever to acquire real authority. He was freakish often, and paradoxical.

How many are there of those who can read the French of Corneille, Molière, and Racine, who know what a *demi-cabot* may be ? How many of these, indeed, really understand the full meaning of the full word *cabotin ?* The volume into which M. H. G. Ibels seems to have emptied his sketch-book quite in the latest Parisian manner contains three or four hasty and empty essays by three or four young newspaper men on what may be called the side-shows of the great French theatre—on the circus, on the variety-shows, etc. The text lacks form as well as style ; and even more does it lack taste. And the sketches are not clever enough to atone for the defects of the letterpress.

Brander Matthews.

ORTHODOXY PROGRESSING.*

The breadth and sagacity of this, the first book which Professor Harris has published, will give the author a foremost place among the leaders of American thought, and will still further establish the reputation of Andover as a centre of progress. To produce a book which is at once profound and perspicuous, scholarly yet fresh and fascinating, is not within the power of many. This Professor Harris has done. There is something persuasive and captivating in the spirit of the book. It is not ironic, certainly it is not polemic. It moves upon a plane which is distinctly free from any purpose but the attainment and declaration of truth.

It is a courageous book. Professor Harris has dared to deal with one of the largest and most pressing issues of modern thought—the relation of evolution to ethics and religion. While there will be differences of judgment as to the measure of his success, that he has succeeded will be generally conceded. The method and contents of the book may be summarised as follows : Evolution considered with relation to individual ethics, social ethics, religion, Christianity. The order of treatment is not formal and precise, yet it is logical and progressive. Evolution, as a scientific theory, Professor Harris accepts without hesitation ; not on the ground of personal investigation, but upon that of the practical unanimity of scientists. As to the relation which it sustains to ethics, he shows, in a brilliant introductory chapter, that it is one not of antagonism, nor of independence, nor of identity, but of harmony. This harmony he proceeds to unfold.

First, with respect to the individual, Professor Harris holds that he cannot be considered as separate from society. "It is due to a pre-existing society that the individual is and that he is what he is." Still the individual is not for society, but society for the individual. "It is the function of society to develop persons." "The standards of society must be the standards of personal value." The individual must be governed by an ideal. That ideal is the Good. The obligation to pursue it is given by the law of Right in Conscience. The ideal consists, according to Professor Harris, in "self-realisation," which is made up of two elements, worth and happiness. Worth and happiness cannot be separated. In the development of personality or self-realisation Professor Harris main-

* Moral Evolution. By George Harris, Professor in Andover Theological Seminary. Boston : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.00.

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tains that the "self-regarding virtues" are as legitimate and essential as the altruistic. This is the key-note of the book.

As respects society, Professor Harris recognises, in the second place, as has been said, its influence upon personality. He also recognises its *dependence* upon personality. "Personality and society produce each other, condition each other, promote each other." Under the head of "Social Regeneration," he discusses, or, rather, touches upon, economics and institutions. While there is a lucidity and thoughtfulness and occasionally a flash of remarkable practical discernment in these chapters which give them value, yet the treatment is, on the whole—necessarily, perhaps—so meagre and incomplete as to make them the least satisfactory in the book.

Again, the harmony between evolution and religion is clearly and ably presented. A happy illustration of this is found in the sentence, "Evolution explains religion, but does not explain it away." Much is made, as is the case in the books of Caird, and Drummond, and Kidd, and others, of the inherency of religion in human nature and of the moral order of history. Intelligence is discernible in the evolution both of nature and of man. "Materialists, who claim that matter alone is the potency of all that is, have been obliged to charge the atoms more and more highly and variously. . . . A tree comes from a seed, but there must be that mysterious potentiality, a tree-seed to start with. A wooden peg whittled into exact resemblance to a seed would rot in the ground." The relation of religion to morality is also clearly shown. "Morality implies and depends on religion."

Proceeding from religion in general to Christianity, Professor Harris first unfolds the character of Christianity, and then, in the final chapter, points out its harmony with evolution. Christianity displaces rules with principles. It presents a perfect moral ideal, both for the individual and for society. It offers the supreme advantage of a perfect ideal of personal worth. "Here is the first and chiefest distinction of the personal ideal of Christian ethics. The ideal was realised in the person who gave it to the world." The power of that ideal over humanity is finely and enthusiastically stated. One of the most admirable passages in the book is that in which the author shows how and why the Christian ideal is a present reality.

With respect to the social ideal of Christianity Professor Harris takes issue with the school which regards the conception of a kingdom as the fundamental and dominant truth of Christianity. He thinks that it minimises the individual, for whom and not for itself society exists. And yet his criticism is only that of *overemphasis*, and he finds in this conception of the kingdom the social ideal of Christianity.

That the author should find entire consonance between evolution and Christianity has been anticipated throughout the volume. Christianity is revelation, but that does not disassociate it from evolution. "Nature is both evolution and revelation. The one is in and through the other. Starting with evolution on the surface we come to revelation in the depths." Christianity shows development doctrinally. This is in the direction of a more ethical interpretation. The author shows succinctly but convincingly how the doctrines of God, of the person of Christ, of sin, of redemption, of the kingdom, have all been *ethicised*. This proves that "there has been a moral evolution of theology."

The outline of this fresh and interesting volume which we have made, while it is very meagre and unsatisfactory, will afford some idea of the range and character of the author's treatment of his subject. It will undoubtedly be asserted that Professor Harris has written a book which will weaken orthodoxy; but if so, he has written one which will strengthen Christianity. It is open to criticism at certain points, as every book is. The chief defect, although one that is incidental and perhaps necessary, is the incompleteness in the treatment not of the main theme, but of related yet in themselves most vital themes. The author covers so much ground that he is compelled to pass rapidly, if not hurriedly, over many places where we would fain have him stay and persuade us further. Yet he touches no subject which he does not illuminate. Neither thought nor expression is ever vague or uncertain. A delicate humour, too, plays about the page, which animates but does not cheapen the thought.

If the principal aim of the book—as the author several times asserts—is to demonstrate the value of self-regard, it would

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have been better accomplished had this part of the work been detached and presented separately. As it is, the breadth and wealth of the discussion of which it forms a part obscures this issue. Yet while Professor Harris has unquestionably made a valuable contribution to the science of ethics in offering this theory, it needs further definition and amplification. For instance, the relation of the self-regarding to the altruistic virtues is left undetermined. Self-realisation is often attained through self-sacrifice. To the student of theology the book possesses quite as great an interest as to the student of ethics. The discussion of the person of Christ, as related to morality and evolution, is especially penetrative. To every thoughtful reader the book will prove stimulating and valuable.

John Wright Buckham.

KAILYARD LITERATURE.*

In placing *Effie Hetherington* at the head of a list of recent Scottish novels, we have had respect for years rather than for merit. It is long since we knew what to expect from Mr. Buchanan. The dramatic instinct is strong in his work, and it always reads as if it were written in the glare of the footlights, but he never gets beyond melodrama. For this reason, however, his stories appeal to a wider audience. Effie Hetherington, the heroine of the novel, is a heartless flirt, who falls a victim to an unprincipled man through jealousy and vanity, and whose shallow nature is incapable of love. The plot thickens after her paramour marries her rival, who discovers eventually Effie Hetherington's relations to her husband, and the story rapidly increases in interest as the tragedy reaches its height. For the heroine herself we have little admiration. She is a common type, and moves us more to contempt than pity. The character with which the author has succeeded best is a favourite one of Mr. Buchanan's —the man of strong passion purified and spiritualised by his love, so that he is willing to be wronged and robbed of name and fortune and happiness for the sake of even a worthless woman. Richard Douglas, and not Effie Hetherington is the central figure of attraction in the book, which is written with all Mr. Buchanan's perfervid force of imagination. The story is cast in the weird style affected by Mr. Buchanan when he is under the influence of the old Scots ballad, and will not fail to hold the interest of the reader, once he gets fairly started.

Robert Urquhart will be read with very great interest, and that for more reasons than one. In Mr. Buchanan's novel there is no Scotch dialect, except when Elspeth, an old retainer, has something to say, which is not often; there is very little in the book, indeed, that is distinctively Scotch, and the scene of it all might easily have been laid elsewhere. But Gabriel Setoun's novel (it is his first long story) is Scotch through and through, although readers need not fear the trial of Scotch dialect. It gives a picture much needed of the new Scotch dominie. Mr. Setoun is himself a teacher in a Board school in Edinburgh, to which may be traced much of the pathos of the central character. In *Robert Urquhart*, the author of *Barncraig* has written a fresh and attractive story, with very few weak places, and with a true fidelity not only to Scottish but to human life. There is humour in his book as well as pathos; its defect is that the tone is decidedly depressing. It is true that the great glory comes into the poor schoolmaster's life—the glory of love; but we are made to feel the fret of existence, the irksomeness of teaching in Scotland and of journalising in London. There is nothing novel or attractive in his description of literary life in London; and this is the poorest section of the book. We are glad to get back to Kinkelvie, where the author is on sure ground. Mr. Setoun is a man of versatility and imagination, and there is in this story a powerful picture of remorse. *Robert Urquhart* will greatly extend its author's fame and increase the number of his readers. So thorough and conscientious a workman is in no danger of writing too much.

Doctor Congalton's Legacy is much inferior to Mr. Setoun's book, but it is by no means without merit. The author has evidently looked on Scottish life with

* Effie Hetherington. By Robert Buchanan. Boston: Roberts Brothers. $1.50.

Robert Urquhart. By Gabriel Setoun. New York: F. Warne & Co. $1.50.

Doctor Congalton's Legacy. By Henry Johnston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder. By P. Hay Hunter. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00.

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his own eyes, and he has a self-satisfied, genial way of depicting much which pleases the reader and leaves him in a good humour at the end, but not without encountering many things in the course of the story to provoke him. There are times when his humorous reflections, far from being amusing, are so time-worn and commonplace as to be detestable. And anything more appalling than Mr. Johnston's pathos could not be imagined. He is evidently a superficial man, without the capacity of very deep feeling; and when he describes a child's death we weep not with him, but for him. Where he succeeds is in the ordinary half-humorous delineation of obvious characters. His farmer's wife is good, but even that is a reproduction (as will occur to those who have read *Johnny Gibb*), and lacks the truth, the insight, the restrained force, the perfect art of the original. But Mr. Johnston's book may be read with a good deal of pleasure.

On the title-page of *James Inwick, Ploughman and Elder*, appear the forbidding words, "with a glossary"—and the book needs it. James Inwick himself is the narrator of these sketches, for story there can scarcely be said to be. The Scotch spoken is the unlovely Lowland dialect, and the glimpses which an outsider gets of Scottish life through the medium of James Inwick's complacent and coarse garrulity is unpleasant, and not very flattering to his brethren in whatever part of the country he lives. There is a pawky humour in the hesitating, philandering ploughman, sitting uncomfortably between two stools—that of loyalty to the Church of Scotland and devotion to his political principles—which has some semblance to truth in it; but most of it will be unintelligible to those without the pale of Scottish ecclesiastical history. Besides, its bleak realism and provincial tone debar it from having interest or attraction for any one outside of the "Pairish o' Snawdon."

Scottish life has not been exhausted, in spite of many recent inferior novels, in which it would seem to be running at the lees. Mr. Barrie, who led the way, is triumphantly proving, in *Sentimental Tommy*, that he has much more to show us in Thrums. Indeed, he feels that he has only begun to tell the story of his birthplace. The Scottish idyllist who is to win the public ear must be a man of deep insight, and able to pierce beneath the surface. The surface is rough and repulsive, and we take no pleasure in sheer ugliness. Those who can tell us about nothing else are wasting their labour. What Mr. Barrie says of Thrums in *The Little Minister* is true of all Scottish life: "This Thrums is bleak and perhaps forbidding, but there is a moment of the day when the setting sun dyes it pink, and the people are like their town. Let a man catch that light, and enable his readers to catch it, and his work is accomplished."

CLEG KELLY.*

Cleg Kelly is a fresh and amazing proof of Mr. Crockett's talent and resource. I have been reminded in reading it of the literary souvenirs of M. Maxime Du Camp. When Du Camp, in 1848, at the age of twenty-one, made acquaintance with Gustave Flaubert, Flaubert was a few months older than himself, and heroically handsome. Both the youths were romanticists of the purest water, formed on Chateaubriand and Hugo. When the ice was fairly broken between them they drew up a plan of life. They were twenty-one, and agreed that they had nineteen years before them. Of the time that might remain after forty they made little. They agreed that at forty man is used up. He may remember, but he cannot create. He must give over all thoughts of adding to the pleasure of mankind, although some useful occupation may be found that will add to its knowledge, and that will lead the labourer peacefully to a quiet grave. For example, they thought that some investigation of the philological connections of the romance languages would probably meet the necessities of the case. As for the nineteen golden years, they agreed to spend nine in the acquiring of knowledge. At thirty, production was to begin, and to be carried on uninterruptedly till forty. In the pursuit of their plan for the first nine years they took a tour together in Brittany, preparing for it as if they were explorers. "Gustave reserved for himself the historical part, and found at the Rouen Library such books as he wanted. I took charge of all that concerned the geography and ethnology and archæ-

* Cleg Kelly, Arab of the City. His Progress and Adventures. By S. R. Crockett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50.

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ology. In our letters we talked of nothing but Brittany. I would say to him, 'Take up your war of succession between Jean de Montfort and Charles de Blois,' and he answered, 'Look well to your *Menhirs* and your *Cromlechs*.'" Mr. Crockett's preparation has been something like that. He has been an insatiable reader and an indefatigable observer. Nothing that he has read or heard or seen has been allowed to escape him. The result is that he writes out of a fulness to which perhaps no living writer, not even Sir Walter Besant, can lay claim. He may carry this accumulation too far; he may turn to account occasionally materials which had better have been left alone. But, on the other hand, it must be acknowledged that he is marvellously successful in giving the sense of reality, the sense of actual contact with life and nature in every one of his books. His friends and admirers, when they see a fresh volume announced every few months, may begin to tremble for him, but their fears are allayed when they open his pages, and find that he has still been true to himself and to his exacting literary conscience—for it is an exacting literary conscience, whatever his detractors may say.

The first impression and the last given by *Cleg Kelly* is one of extraordinary cleverness. Mr. Crockett has written greater books; he has touched heights unscaled in his new volume. Perhaps, indeed, it is one of the least permanent of all his writings, but when you consider the problem to be solved, your wonder at his talent must grow. How many living men could have taken a subject like the life of a slum boy, and treated it with such zest, such knowledge, such insight, such optimism, and such unfailing veracity? I do not believe there is one. *Cleg Kelly*, from the first page to the last, is full of interest and brightness. Any one who makes a fair start with it is sure to read it through, and Mr. Crockett's popularity is not surprising to those who read much of current fiction; for he has as yet beyond any of his contemporaries escaped the shadow. Life to him is good and glad and full of joyful surprise. The most depressed will be in a measure enlivened when they read these pages. They will feel a new hope stirring within them. Mr. Crockett has been accused of coarseness, and like most large-enjoying natures, he has a vein of Rabelaisianism. But those who find *Cleg Kelly* coarse must have brought the coarseness with them, and must read between the lines what the author never intended. Emphatically *Cleg Kelly* is a healthy, sunny, brave book, and I have no doubt of its cordial welcome.

What the literary future of Mr. Crockett and others of our young authors may be, I cannot tell. Sir Walter Scott's twenty-five novels have been exceeded by many of our diligent practitioners. Mr. James Payn must have written fifty. The question, however, is whether any man can write more than twenty-five books which will be genuinely popular. Our new writers have some things in their favour. They begin early, and they are set free from other work. Mr. Crockett's materials are so abundant that he thinks he has hardly touched them as yet. But will the old vivacity survive? Will the manner continue to be agreeable? It is the manner that cannot be altered. A novelist may write on many subjects; he may change from gay to grave, but from first to last his method of address is the same, and it may cease to charm. These speculations, however, need not trouble us much. Mr. Crockett will have written a good many books before he touches the line of danger, and he will lay us under a deep debt if all of them are as bright and brave as *Cleg Kelly*.

Claudius Clear.

CONCERNING GOOD ENGLISH.*

The writer of this review is old fashioned enough to believe that English literature must be written in good English. He has also the conviction that, having once done excellent work, an author has given hostages to criticism. So that from this point of view it seems right and proper to say a word touching at least the style of the new novel by Miss Wilkins.

That this story, melodramatic in character, rough in construction, and reckless of reserve, should have come from the author of *Pembroke*, *Jane Field*, and *A New England Nun*, is as strange as inexcusable. Viewed solely with reference to style the work is most surprising.

* Madelon. By Mary E. Wilkins. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

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Of the tone and motive of the work, nothing more need be said, since only the reading of the whole book could give any adequate idea of the distance of the departure from the author's former manner. Some of its lapses in grammar are probably the fault of the printer. It is unlikely, for instance, that the writer would have set down: "Abner come panting alongside." But the coining of the word "preventatives," the use of the phrases "she looked palely up at him," "with no man accountable," and "don't you dare to touch her," which are repeated more than once, can scarcely be laid at the door of the same scapegoat who has served most of us a good turn at one time or another.

And if these examples of carelessness set the literary teeth on edge, what shall be said of the following examples of absurdity? What does the author mean by saying that the jailer looked at the heroine "irresolutely with his stupid light eyes; then all his great system of bone and muscle seemed to back out of the room"? Are we to understand that a portion of this great system of bone and muscle could have backed out of the room had it chosen to do so? And why say "seemed"? since in this case the question is merely to back or not to back. When "the little worked apron that the girl wore thrown over her face" is thus referred to, are we to conclude, in the absence of further information, that it was worn so habitually? When she describes the heroine's "baking the corn cakes that her father and brothers loved before the fire," are we to believe that they did not love them elsewhere? When she describes the vigil of the impossible Lot, "who did not go to bed, but sat huddled over the fire wrapped in a shawl, with a leather-bound book on his knees, all night," we naturally wonder whether she means what she says—namely, that he held the book on his knees all night. When, in portraying the heroine's night ride, she says, "the mare shot out of the stable with a fierce lash-out of her heels and an upheaval of her roan flanks that threatened to dash the girl's head against the lintel of the door," there is still greater uncertainty. For, while there is no reason to think that the author had in mind another part of the animal's body when making mention of its flanks, it is obviously impossible that any swelling of a horse's flanks could endanger the rider's head. Nor does it seem necessary, under normal conditions, to speak of a woman's arms and eyes as two in number. And still the wonder grows; how a man could "lounge into his boots" or stand in the midst of a room, or how a road could be "glare with ice," or how a girl could "point her blue satin toes around the ball-room," or how her lips could "grow fond under her lover's gaze," or be "stiffly quivering." Of "an image whom" the heroine chooses, and "a horse who" does so and so, it is enough to say that the peculiar use of the relative pronouns recalls Mark Twain's lecture on the intricacies of the German language.

The possibilities of indirection and obscurity in our own language are rarely illustrated so strikingly as in this work. Take, for example, the following paragraphs, and try to understand them at a glance, as all English that is good may be understood:

> "She felt incensed with this mother of Burr's, who came to the door and greeted her as if she were an ordinary caller, and her son were not in prison. . . . 'I will stand here,' said Madelon, almost as if her heart were broken; but when the jailer prepared to follow Dorothy into Burr's cell, she caught him by the arm and tried to draw him back, and cried out sharply that he should let her see him alone. . . . That last Sunday Madelon went to him without being summoned, in the early evening after supper."

All this is bewildering enough; but when to the confused meaning inelegance and bad taste are added, and the clumsy construction is still more distorted by a persistent inversion of the prose order, the work becomes a curious study in literary awkwardness and affectation. Inelegance and bad taste are, of course, somewhat a matter of opinion. But there can scarcely be an appeal from two or three cases which may be cited. The least fastidious could hardly read without a qualm—even while smiling at the extraordinary construction—that "Madelon Hautville, who had washed but a few hours ago the stain of murder from her hand, in whose heart was an unsounded depth of despair, mixed up the corn cakes daintily with cream;" or that "the great bass viol fell to the ground like a woman;" or that Lot, when he coughed, "bent over double, and shook with rattling volleys;" or—worst of all—the many unrefined references to the promiscuous kissing that sounds

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throughout the book like the popping of firecrackers.

In order to get the full effect of the numberless laboured inversions of the prose order—such as "he deigned not a word to him, . . . no costly finery had Madelon, . . . I care not to dance, . . . one of those deeds she had committed, . . . she spoke never a word, . . . upstairs she hastened to her chamber"—they must be taken in the connection in which they are used. For example:

"A certain girlish daring was there in this gentle maiden for youthful love and pleasure, else she had not stolen away that night to the ball, but very little for tragic enterprise. . . . Truly afraid were they all, with that subtile cowardice which lurks sometimes in the bravest souls, of one another's knowledge and suspicions as they filed up the creaking stairs. . . . He had a fair, nervous face, and he was screwing his forehead anxiously over the situation. . . . Enough of New England blood Madelon had to feel toward Lot a new impulse of scorn that he should write her thus, instead of bidding her come, simply like a man, displaying his power over her that they both knew. . . . A strange double-consciousness she had, as she listened, of her senses and her soul. All her nerves lapsed involuntarily into delight at the sounds they loved [are all nerves auditory?], and all her soul wept above all melodies and harmonies in her ears. The spirit of an artist had Madelon, and could, had she wished, have made the songs she sung, and for that very reason music could never carry her away from her own self. . . . A great player was her father, although the power of creation was not in him, for he fingered his viol with the ardor of a soul set in its favorite way, of all others. . . . She was seized with the belief which filled her at once with agony and an impulse of fierce protection, like that of a mother defending her young, that Burr had had a falling out with Dorothy. . . . He knew he was coming through the pale darkness of the night before he was actually in sight by his cough. . . ., Madelon Hautville, when she entered Dorothy Fair's room, had her mind not been fixed upon its one end, which was above all such petty details of existence, might have looked about her."

Of the awkward construction of the work on the whole, the following is, perhaps, as fairly representative as a single paragraph could be:

"He was a relative of the Hautville family on the mother's side, old and broken, scarcely able to find his feeble way on his shrunken legs through the snow; but with the instinct of gossip, the sharp nose for his neighbor's affairs still alert in him, he had arisen at dawn to canvass the village, and had come thither at first, since he anticipated that he might possibly have the delight of bringing the intelligence before any of the family had heard it elsewhere."

But, as Hamlet said, "There is somewhat too much of this"—though there is a good deal more.

George Preston.

THE REDS OF THE MIDI.*

This new work, translated directly from the manuscript, sounds an unfamiliar note in Provençal literature. The old Provençal was distinctively the literature of courts, and told the tales of the Round Table. From its rise to pre-eminence with the writings of William of Poitiers, the poet-prince, on down through the succession of troubadours, to its decadence two hundred and fifty years later, the Provençal was filled with the spirit, the aims, and the deeds of chivalry. It dealt almost as exclusively with the mighty as if there had been no lowly in the world.

The new Provençal has changed all that, judging from this recent work of M. Gras, which celebrates the passing of chivalry; which ignores the rich and the powerful; which chooses its heroic figures from the humblest of the earth's heavy laden. The only point of resemblance remaining between the new and the old is the historical aspect of the story. And in this there is no local significance, since the historic tendency of French fiction has long been recognized as a national trait. French writers, whether of *langue d'oc* or *langue d'œil*, have always found an inexhaustible source of inspiration in the history of their own country. French readers have always found the history of France more interesting than any other subject. No other nation, no matter how patriotic, seems to be quite like the French in this respect. Certainly there is nothing to correspond with it in this country, where the path of the historical novelist has ever been uphill, and beset with disappointment for himself and others. Whether this has been because our ablest writers have not turned to historic fiction is an open question. The fact, however, remains that no one has arisen to do for America what so many have done for France.

Among these masterpieces of French fiction, *The Reds of the Midi* seems likely to find a permanent place. No one among them has dealt with a more stirring theme than M. Gras has handled in this, in describing the march of the Battalion from Marseilles to Paris, and the part that it played in precipitating the Revolution. Many have described that march—Carlyle most memorably, per-

* The Reds of the Midi. By Félix Gras. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.

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haps—but not until the appearance of this work of M. Gras has there been a presentation of the episode from the Reds' own point of view. For, as Mr. Janvier says in the introduction, the author is writing of his own people and his own home.

Thus presented, the well-known story becomes fresh and new. In form also it is distinctly original, being not merely a fine historical novel of unusual power, but, what is still rarer, an ideal book for a boy. The story of a boy told to a boy, the literary conception is perfect. The atmosphere of the shoemaker's shop, wherein the tale is told—its humble comfort and peace and security—brings into stronger relief the grinding poverty, the fear and oppression that the narrative recalls. The reader shares the eagerness of the boy listener. The pauses in the story relieve its stress, like the interludes of an opera. The very simplicity and ignorance of the narrator carry conviction, and there is a powerful realisation of the monstrous social and economic conditions that produced the monsters of the Revolution. Thrown into the ranks of the Reds by the inhumanity of the oppressors of the poor, the boy joins the Battalion, knowing nothing of its political significance. He has never heard of revolution, and his chief concern, child like, is for his uniform. He does not wish it to fit; on the contrary, he would like it big—bigger than that of the biggest Red—and his sword he longs to have longer and more curved than any in the whole Battalion. He rubs berries over his face, hoping that the stain may pass for a beard; when he hears the girls along the line of march exclaim, "See that terrible man!" he is happy; when they cry, "See that poor little fellow!" he is crushed. Like many of his companions, he has no idea of the distance from Marseilles to Paris; but as the marching and the singing goes on and on under the burning sun, the child does not complain. Complain! marching is not enough; he bends his frail little body beside the bronzed giants who are straining to draw the cannon. Approaching Paris, he sees the fleeing aristocrats, but scarcely understands the cause of their terror. The older members of the Battalion, as represented by M. Gras, have very little more comprehension of their own significance than the boy has; and the Reds of the Midi sweeping north, overflow Paris, as with a great tidal wave of universal discontent. Through the child's simple account of how it all came about the author has made the strongest defence that has ever been offered for the Battalion. He almost persuades the reader that it was not—as so many writers have represented—composed of criminals intent only on greater crimes. He shows the Reds to have been much what the boy himself was, neither better nor worse, only older and maddened by wrongs and injustice. That they were guilty of the enormities laid at their door, he—through the boy—most strenuously denies.

"We, the Reds of the Midi—who had been cried out at for brigands, for galley slaves escaped from Toulon—would have thought it quite enough to have made them shout 'Vive la Nation!' and then go their ways. But these Parisians, who had shirked the real fighting, who had let us all by ourselves save the country and the Rights of Man, felt that they must draw blood from the Aristocrats in order to wash out their shame. We had believed that we were opening the gates for Liberty to enter in and possess the land; and, behold! we had let loose the foxes of rapine and the wolves of revenge and the scorpions of hate! I, who was then but a boy, saw it all only too well."

N. H. B

THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES.*

If you had lived at the time and in the country of the Wexford Rising, had seen a good deal of it at very close quarters, been hustled about by both sides, warmly sympathised with neither, and not been in the secret councils of the leaders, your idea of the whole business would have been remarkably like the picture here presented by Mr. Mathew. In this sense it is very much like a contemporaneous record. The effect, of course, is confusion, and if you want a plain, straightforward story, *The Wood of the Brambles* is not for your case. But if you can enjoy the carrying out of a complicated method of fiction, which forbids any regular plot, but allows ample opportunity for the delineation of character, we recommend the book to you with full assurance.

There is another warning, however, which should be given. It is an Irish story published in England and Ameri-

* The Wood of the Brambles. By Frank Mathew. Chicago: Way & Williams.

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ca, but not especially addressed to English or American readers. Very little, if any, of the recent Irish fiction has had them, their likings, their prejudices, and their possible friendship, so little in view. Miss Barlow, Mrs. Hinkson, and Mr. O'Brien—very dissimilar writers, of course, but all having won the popular ear—intentionally or not, appealed to us by qualities and by attitudes to which we are never insensible, by evidence of Irish tenderness, domestic affection, and geniality, by the charm of the heart and of the manners. "Every Irishman," said Sir Tim (a very entertaining but indiscreet personage in the book before us), "is a good fellow at heart, though, if you were to go by our conduct, you would frequently doubt it." The saying marks the difference between Mr. Mathew's Ireland and that of recent novelists. Theirs may be innocently bowdlerised; his is recklessly careless of opinion outside of Ireland. He wishes to ingratiate none. His own countrymen will know how to read it, and so will others if they have some humour and an appreciation of the foibles of human nature. But to read *The Wood of the Brambles* without these is to be saddened and irritated. Cruelty and incapability, and confusion, and misunderstanding, and cynicism, and vanity, are all on the path you travel on your way through it; and for your comfort you had best have an eye and an ear for the fun, the delicious absurdities, the occasional tender and unostentatious beauty. These are there; but from first page to last there is nothing sentimental, and the tears for "poor ould Ireland" will be missed by many.

Sir Dominic, the teller of the tale, is a young man to whom Fortune is unkind, but you never feel he deserves much glory or success, for he allows himself in love and war to be played with, and we are more interested in every one else. Mr. Mathew, in his original way, introduces us to folks that never appeared in an Irish novel before. He claims for Irishmen that they may not merely be hard to understand, but that they may be complicated. Hence the rector; and Theophilus, too, with his magnificent vanity, his poetical fancies, his doctrinaire revolutionarism, and his cynicism. But one, Sir Tim, is not new; he is the incarnation of the old Irish humour, absurd, mad, irrepressible, irresponsible, and Mr. Mathew uses him valiantly in his purpose of disarming us of that rather patronising attitude of pity with which the most sympathetic of English readers are wont to regard his country.

NOVEL NOTES.

A FOOL OF NATURE. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

Mr. Hawthorne's novel is rather heavily handicapped in the critic's eye by the fact that with it he successfully competed for the prize of $10,000 offered by the *New York Herald* in 1895—a fact which is duly announced in a prefatory note. And the critic is right in being a little repelled by this circumstance, not merely because for an author to enter such a competition is just a trifle vulgar, but because the fact of his having done so justifies the inference that the book itself was written to order, and is, therefore, a piece of pure hack-work. A careful reading of the novel has led us to form a sort of hypothesis as to its evolution, and this hypothesis may or may not be true. We think that Mr. Hawthorne had some inchoate ideas for a story flitting about in his brain which would eventually have crystallised into something very good indeed, but that the *Herald's* prize announcement led him to force the process of germination so that he might have something to send into the competition. The result is that we have a novel that is very good in spots—especially good at the beginning, but growing less and less so in its development, until toward the end it becomes absolutely unreal, as though the author had completely lost his grip on his original conception and was hurrying along to any kind of a conclusion, in order to get through his task in time for the *Herald's* requirements.

The good points of the book are the rather clever and epigrammatic conversa-

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tions contained in the first few chapters; the weakest thing is the secret society, which is wholly improbable, and the scenes of Bohemia, which are mournfully unreal. A jolly revel as described by Mr. Hawthorne is one of the most mirthless things that can well be imagined, and we think that he felt so even while he was writing about it. The alleged extract from a Boston newspaper is simply preposterous and like nothing that anyone ever read in any newspaper in the world. The general air of unreality that pervades the whole book is heightened by the extraordinary names that Mr. Hawthorne has seen fit to bestow upon his characters without any perceptible motive. The names in Thackeray are works of art; and even the grotesque appellations which Dickens evolves out of his inner consciousness often have a sort of subtle appropriateness; but not so in the case of Mr. Hawthorne's *dramatis personæ*. One can perhaps accept "Pynchepole Whiterduce," and "Gabriel Negus," and "Sabina Estengrewe," but even the most credulous person will have to draw the line at "Plukerose 'Agabag!" And what an opinion must Mr. Hawthorne have of the intelligence, or at least the memory of his readers, when he ventures to work off that venerable quatrain beginning

> "If I were pun-i-shed
> For every pun I shed—"

as the bright invention of one of his characters? Had we been on the *Herald's* Committee of Award this alone would have been enough to prevent us from giving even a ten-cent prize to *A Fool of Nature*.

THE LURE OF FAME. By Clive Holland New York: New Amsterdam Book Company $1.00.

The readers of *My Japanese Wife* will welcome a new novel by the author of that charming story. Between that, however, and this new work there is little resemblance beyond the grace of manner. The scene is laid in Norway, whither wanders a desolate, embittered man of the world, who remains among the villagers, and who finds peace and a measure of contentment in sharing their simple, hard, unselfish lives. The narrator continues throughout a looker-on. Under his eyes the children of the village grow toward manhood and womanhood, and Hans and Ulrica stand apart from the rest. This onlooker soon sees what the parents of Hans are slow to perceive and never fully understand, that they are face to face with "one of life's inscrutable mysteries—a genius child from peasant stock." As the boy becomes a scholar, caring more for books than for the tending of cattle or for the gathering of harvests, the lure of fame draws Ulrica, whom he loves, away from him. For the girl's gift is song—a rarer gift than the longing for learning; and the world soon claims her, and takes her from the far North, whence it has received two of its greatest singers.

"That night," says the looker-on, "Hans laid his heart open before me—a child's heart, simple and true, but throbbing with a man's love. He told me of what passed that Sunday night between him and Ulrica, at least all that he could tell—how they had broken his ring, and how part hung round his neck, and the other round hers, over her heart. I tried to comfort him, to assure him that she would prove faithful to her pledge; but though he said little, I know he felt that such would not be the case. 'She will forget me,' he said sadly, 'not because she wishes to, but because I shall fade away and become so small to her out in the big world.'"

And he is not wrong; his fears are prophetic. "Fame is oft the forgetfulness of love;" and as rich intoxicating draughts come to the lips of Ulrica, the memory of her village lover passes, until, disappointment and suffering and the loss of her great gift teach her—too late—the value of what she had cast away.

HADJIRA. A Turkish Love Story. By "Adalet." London and New York: Edward Arnold. $1.50.

If the publisher's note accompanying this book may be taken seriously, the work is unique. The note states that it was written by a young Turkish lady, and that it has been printed as the manuscript was received. It is hard, however, to believe that English so good and clear and easy—so much better, indeed, than many English writers achieve—can have come direct from the Orient. Yet, on the other hand, the motive of the work is too remote from American and English environment, too far out of the current of Anglo-Saxon fancy, to seem to belong to our literary movement. It reveals, moreover, an intimate knowledge of the types and the situations described, which would apparently argue personal acquaintance.

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The story is a portrayal of Turkish domestic life—a minute study, in fact, of the harem. It is a love story—for there are love stories, as here appears, even within the harem, and even between master and slave. The social distinctions marking harem circles form a distinctive feature of the work, and, by reason of their unfamiliarity, add to its interest and freshness. Hadjira, the heroine, who tells the tale, is not a slave, nor is she of the upper class, but a dependent of inferior rank, living in a rich and aristocratic family. When, therefore, the son of the house, a handsome young officer, falls in love with her, the same complications ensue that are apt to follow unequal marriages everywhere. In Turkey, however, parents seem to have at their command preventives that parents elsewhere cannot employ. Hadjira is hidden from her lover's sight in a harem, which he has no right to enter, and he is threatened with banishment from Constantinople as the penalty of trying to find her. The story itself is the love story the world over; but the details accompanying it are new. And, as said in the beginning, the simple excellence of the style of the work gives it attractiveness. Altogether it is a quiet, restful story, which moves at rather a sober pace through fresh scenes to a conclusion that leaves a feeling of satisfaction.

EARTH'S ENIGMAS. By Charles G. D. Roberts. Boston: Lamson, Wolffe & Co. $1.25.

IN THE VILLAGE OF VIGER. By Duncan Campbell Scott. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.00.

We wonder how long the poets will be in finding out that qualities which make poets may not make dramatists or tellers of stories. It takes something more than temperament, colour sense, choice of words, to evoke live men and women from the imagination, or give a zest to narrative. *Earth's Enigmas* and *In the Village of Viger* are very well as experiments in prose. But the successful sketches are precisely those in which the poet has most to do, and the story-teller almost nothing at all. "Do Seek their Meat from God," "The Young Ravens that Call upon Him," and "The Perdu" are all exquisite in their observation of Nature; they are close to the mystery of life in the forest and lonely places.

Mr. Duncan Scott writes with a French pen, and prefers village streets and pastoral gentleness, robins, bobolinks, and little milliners to crude types and primæval places. Viger and Pontiac have something of a common atmosphere. But these little sketches of provincial types, pretty enough, are yet thin and amateurish. Nothing requires greater art than to give human interest and dramatic value to very tenuous incidents and situations; it takes the subtlety, the nice selective faculty of a Guy de Maupassant. Mr. Scott's little book, like Professor Roberts's, abounds in exquisite felicities of natural description; and one sketch of his, "The Bobolink," has the delicacy and perfectness of a real French pastel; but it stands alone. We would give all the rest of the book for its charming dedication in verse:

"Robins and bobolinks, bubbling and tinkling,
Shore larks alive there high in the blue,
Level in the sunlight the rye-field twinkling,
The wind parts the cloud, and a star leaps through"—

which amounts to saying: let Professor Roberts and Mr. Scott keep to verse and continue to rejoice us.

WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK: A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR. By Joseph Hatton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.

We have read Mr. Hatton's new story with absorbing interest. It is a tale of love and war of the French Revolution, and the historical figures of Robespierre, Henri, Comte de Fournier, the Deputy Grébauval, Marat, Danton, and other familiar characters thrown up against the lurid light cast by the volcanic passions of the time are introduced with fresh interest and imagination. But it is not as an historical novel that *When Greek Meets Greek* appeals most to us, but as a thrilling love story, in which the master passion pursues its victims into the most tortuous and conflicting situations, out of which the novelist brings them to a happy consummation. Mr. Hatton's well-known vivacious style and spirited dialogue never allow the story to drag for an instant, and the dramatic power of the book has been manifested in the recent successful dramatisation of the story. We heartily recommend *When Greek Meets Greek* to the jaded reader, surfeited with the morbid psychological fiction of the hour.

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THE PAYING GUEST. By George Gissing. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 75 cts.

SLEEPING FIRES. By George Gissing. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cts.

These two stories by Mr. Gissing, appearing at about the same time, are of very unequal merit. The first shows us *in petto* Mr. Gissing at his best, and the second on a similar scale Mr. Gissing at his very worst. *The Paying Guest* has a certain novelty about it, for it shows a light touch and a spontaneous humour that are both extremely rare in Mr. Gissing's novels. It tells the story of a well-bred young couple living in the suburbs of London, who make the experiment of receiving into their family a single boarder, whom they euphemistically style a "paying guest." The paying guest is a young woman of wealthy but decidedly vulgar connections, and the story tells how her hosts are gradually drawn into the vortex of her complicated affairs, greatly to the detriment of their peace of mind. It is very readable, and contains bits of character-drawing which are in their way as good as anything in *The Year of Jubilee*.

Sleeping Fires was, we strongly suspect, written to order, for it lacks movement, spontaneity, force, and point. The hero, a middle-aged person, is a real bore, and the story tells of his harking back to one of his old loves, now somebody else's widow. Why he should want her and why she should want him we really fail to see after reading Mr. Gissing's account of them both; but the widow is a shade the less interesting, being a cold-blooded sort of prig, who keeps him at arm's length until the last chapter or so, and then for no particular reason changes her mind. We are sorry for him and also for her, and above all for any one who is obliged to read the book as we have done.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEWS: A LITERARY LOG. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 2 vols., $3.50.

In these two most fascinating volumes Mr. Le Gallienne has given us a selection from his critical writings during the last five years. His intention was to furnish a literary diary of the time, and although, as he confesses, the department of fiction is very meagrely represented, the minute care bestowed on the poets and the essayists amply compensates for these inevitable omissions. The selection has been made chiefly from the *Star*, the *Daily Chronicle*, the *Illustrated London News*, the *Sketch*, the *Speaker*, and the *Nineteenth Century*. Readers who have learned to look out for Mr. Le Gallienne's work in the daily and weekly press will be thankful to have so much of it in permanent form. These volumes confirm his reputation as one of the most brilliant as well as most sagacious of our critics. "Criticism is the Art of Praise," he says in one of his prefatory maxims, but criticism from Mr. Le Gallienne is no mere brevet of mediocrity. He weighs with the most delicate discrimination every word of praise and blame. There are in the two volumes no fewer than four short criticisms of Mr. William Watson, and in each of these we find, side by side with the most cordial admiration, sentences which show that he has not fallen blindly under the spell of his distinguished fellow-townsman.

"The poem gives us autumn as it appeals to man the phrasemaker. One can see the poet standing in front of the dying woods with a kind of epigrammatic camera. He has gone out with the firm intention of thinking clever things, and he comes back and says them."

A favourite writer of Mr. Le Gallienne's is evidently Mr. Augustine Birrell. Here is a pleasant reminiscence in a review of *Res Judicatæ* of Mr. Birrell's father.

"Those who heard Mr. Birrell's father preach, or who only knew by sight his 'natty,' distinguished figure, will understand his son all the better for it. The remembrance of him in the pulpit illuminates the style and tastes of the author of *Obiter Dicta*. He reminded one, at least from a distant pew, of Charles Lamb. There was a similar eighteenth century distinction about his neat, sprightly, and studiously well-bred personality. It comes out in especial relief in anecdotes which contrast him and the burly individuality of Hugh Stowell Brown. The elder Mr. Birrell, too, had a quaint, quiet humour which his son has also inherited and deepened."

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Among the novelists, Mr. Le Gallienne has a hearty liking for Mr. Walter Raymond, whose *Love and Quiet Life* he describes as the most beautiful book, outside poetry, of its year. He has a keen appreciation of new writers, and the young literary aspirant could wish no better fate than to fall into his hands.

Not the least striking characteristic of these reviews is the writer's scrupulous avoidance of even a word that might give pain. He possesses the tradition of fine manners in criticism which Matthew Arnold did so much to create. As for the general merit of these two volumes, we may apply the test which the author himself sets up. When a book has real vitality, he says, it sets the mind to work upon old projects of culture. We will read Mr. Symonds' *History of the Renaissance*, we will really make a start on Italian, or a determined sally upon Mr. Bullen's eight-volume Middleton. Readers of the *Literary Log* may not do any of these things, but they will turn with fresh interest to every one of the authors of whom Mr. Le Gallienne discourses.

THE HISTORY OF ORATORY FROM THE AGE OF PERICLES TO THE PRESENT TIME. By Lorenzo Sears, L.H.D. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. $1.50.

It is rather odd, in view of the important part which oratory has played in English and American political and religious history, that up to the present time no such work as many that might be cited in French and German has appeared in our own language. This admirable volume, by Professor Sears, of Brown University, will go far toward supplying the need of such a treatise, for while it is by no means exhaustive in treatment or portentous in size, it takes up the subject with such fulness of information and so admirable a sense of proportion as to make it a most valuable conspectus of the whole development of eloquence from the early days of its cultivation in Greece down to the death of George William Curtis, whom Professor Sears calls the last of the group of Americans whose oratory has now passed into history. The book contains much sound criticism and many happy touches of characterisation. We cannot, however, account for the extraordinary view which Professor Sears takes of Edward Everett as an orator. Him he describes as having "great facility and felicity of expression," "a ready wit" (!), "dexterity," "a sense of fitness," "kindling sensibilities," and (Heaven save the mark!) "of magnetism . . . an abundance." Of his orations he says that "as literature they approach nearer the Hellenic standard in form and body than any collection from the days of the famous Ten to our own." And all this of the frigid, artificial, pedantic, and priggish Everett! We lack patience to dwell on the utter wildness of such a characterisation as this one by Professor Sears. We cannot reconcile it with the invariable good sense and critical acumen of all the rest of the book, and must therefore necessarily assume that underlying this estimate is some strong personal motive, or, at any rate, bias to which he has here surrendered his judgment. Let us say no more about it, but pass on to his concluding remark on Webster, in which he has the courage to say what we believe to be profoundly true:

> "If impartial judgment could be secured, as it may be in the far future, it is possible that, estimated by absolute standards, he will be considered all in all to be the perfected fruit of twenty-four centuries of oratorial culture."

The book is admirably indexed.

ART AND HUMANITY IN HOMER. By William Cranston Lawton. New York: Macmillan & Co. 75 cts.

Professor Lawton's exquisitely printed little volume of 285 pages is especially intended for "those earnest men and women who wish a perfectly simple and readable introduction to the chief masterpieces of ancient literature." It contains seven papers, in part reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, and in them the author writes with much æsthetic sympathy of the *Iliad* as a work of art, of womanhood in the *Iliad*, of the closing scenes of the *Iliad*, of the plot of the *Odyssey*, of the Homeric underworld, of the post-Homeric accretions to the Trojan myth, and narrates with a running commentary the episode of Odysseus and Nausicaa, that most charming of all the Homeric stories. The book is interspersed with numerous passages from both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, deftly fitted into the prose text, and these Professor Lawton translates into English hexameters. These translations have interested us more than any other

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part of the volume, for we have various notions of our own upon the English hexameter, which it is not worth while discussing here, but which lead us to watch very closely any experiments in that line. We certainly agree with Dr. Lawton that it is only in the dactylic line that any even approximately adequate reproduction of the Homeric verse can be secured in metrical English. Professor Lawton's specimen bits are very successful, with, however, a few exceptions, one of which may be cited by way of illustration. Nausicaa says :

"Stranger, arise, and townward fare, that I may conduct thee
Unto the house of my wise father, in which I assure thee
Thou shalt behold whosoever are noblest of all the Phæacians."

Now, how does Professor Lawton scan the second of these lines? Will he stress the word *my*, making "my wise" a spondee? And will he allow a cæsura between "wise" and "father"? Apparently he must do both of these things, yet both are obviously bad, for there is no reason for emphasising the possessive pronoun, and to separate the adjective from its noun is very awkward here.

An Appendix gives a series of suggestions for special papers on the topics treated in the book, and also bibliography of texts, translations, and works for collateral reading. We shall look with interest for Professor Lawton's promised volume on the Epic Cycle.

THREE GRINGOS IN VENEZUELA AND CENTRAL AMERICA. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

VENEZUELA. By William Eleroy Curtis. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.25.

Mr. Davis always has a way of giving an air of novelty to what he has seen, and in this book, as the scenes which he describes are wholly novel to most of us, he is doubly interesting. There is really a great deal of valuable information packed away in his book about the daily life and active aspect of the South and Central American cities. We wish, however, that he had not thought it necessary to discuss the Monroe Doctrine in the last chapter, because he evidently has only just heard that there is such a thing, and labours patiently to extract some profound thoughts about it. The result is a screed resembling a high-school graduating essay.

Mr. Curtis's book is also very readable, and with some reservations his facts may be accepted as trustworthy. His Spanish, however, is all "balled up," and on page 25 he tells a story about three Venezuelan monks who wanted very badly to swear, and did it by dividing the swear-word into three syllables, each monk uttering one. Of course this is a flagrant steal from Laurence Sterne; but never mind. What is of more immediate concern is the fact that the word in question, *caramba*, is by no means regarded by Spaniards as especially wicked, but is the regular ladies' expletive—like *ecastor* in Latin.

RARE BOOKS AND THEIR PRICES. With Chapters on Pictures, Pottery, Porcelain, and Postage Stamps. By W. Roberts. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The essays contained in this volume originally appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*. Although the title of the book is *Rare Books and their Prices*, less than one third of the volume is devoted to this subject. There is an introductory chapter on the fashion of collecting in its various phases from the days of the Greeks and Romans to the present time, for man has always been a collecting animal.

The collector who wishes to have his library realise as much or more than he paid for it when sold by himself or his heirs should, above all else, be particular as to the condition of the books he purchases. Imperfect, closely trimmed or soiled copies of even the rarest books show, with very few exceptions, no appreciable advance within recent years; but fine copies in the original bindings of many books have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled within the last decade. The highest price ever paid for a printed book at auction was £4950, at which price Mr. Quaritch bought the *Psalmorum Codex*, printed by Fust and Schoeffer in 1459. This is a much rarer book than the Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable type, whose highest auction record is £3900, though probably if a copy of the latter were to come upon the market now it would exceed this price.

In noting the sale of the Earl of Jersey's copy of King Arthur, printed by Caxton, Mr. Roberts states that it was

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bought "by an American collector, whose widow, Mrs. Pope, has since parted with his books." As Mrs. Pope was the bibliophile, and as it is so unusual for a woman to show so much zeal and discrimination in bringing together a collection of books, it is a pity that she was not given due credit. As is well known, the library was sold by *Mr.* Pope after *her* death.

The chapters on Pictures, Porcelain, and Postage Stamps contain accounts of some of the most remarkable sales at auction, and incidentally the change of collectors' tastes for the work of certain artists is shown by the rise and fall in the price of their pictures. The book is one of the new Collector Series, being published by George Redway in London and Messrs. Longmans, Green and Company in this country.

THE QUOTATIONS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT FROM THE OLD. By Franklin Johnson. New York: American Baptist Publication Society. $2.00.

The ground covered by the subject of this book has been frequently traversed, but seldom in Professor Johnson's way. There is not only a broad and liberal common sense in his treatment of the quotations from the Old Testament in the New, but he calls literature, both ancient and modern, to his aid in a manner not only enlightening, but delightfully entertaining. In fact, his book is more than a discussion of biblical quotations; it covers the whole subject of quotations in general literature, and the author's extracts from sources other than biblical are not only illustrative, but very interesting in themselves. It should be added that the subject is handled with a profound sense of the sacredness of Holy Scripture and with strong spiritual insight.

BOOKMAN BREVITIES.

A Village Drama, by Vesta S. Simmons, in the "Unknown" Library of the Cassell Publishing Company, is here and there a little crude, but very well worth reading, and shows evidence of power. It depicts life in a small California village, some of whose features, and especially some of whose social arrangements are entertaining if not always edifying to readers in the effete East; and the book deserves to be read side by side with some of the stories by Miss Wilkins, as a sort of comparative study in social conditions.——Eugene Field's not quite completed story, *The House*, is published by the Messrs. Scribner. It will not add to its author's reputation. To tell the truth, we found it distinctly dull, and it is doubtless best viewed as the book of a man whose work was done and who was thoroughly tired out.

The true test of the merit of a cook book is to see whether it makes one really hungry to read it. We have put *The Art of Cooking*, by Emma P. Ewing, to this test, and can say as a result of it that we felt like taking a moderate luncheon after laying the book down. When shall we come across another work like the *Murrey Cook Books*, which we reviewed last year, and went off into a perfect Apician revel in imagination while recalling Mr. Murrey's heduphagetic apothegms? Even now we roll up our eyes as we revert to them. But such volumes are not produced more than twice or thrice in a lifetime. The present book is published by Flood and Vincent, of Meadville, Penn. (Price, $1.75.) Our gustatory centres have been agitated somewhat further by a new edition of *What One Can Do with a Chafing Dish*, which comes to us from John Ireland, of this city. It looks like an old-fashioned singing-book, and the big type suggests a child's primer; but the reading matter is of another *genre*. The author's style rises into the realms of art when he or she (who is H. L. S. anyway?) dwells lovingly on *bouillabaisse*, and makes the epigastric nerve of the reader tingle over the rhapsody on *bouchées d'huitres*. But why omit *bouchées à la reine?* We read on breathlessly, hoping soon to find them, but they were not there; though, in fact, we forgot all about them when we reached the cheese *fondu*. Really such a work as this is better for humanity in these latter days than ten epics and forty thousand triolets put together. The publishers did not mention the price of the book in sending it to us, but it is cheap at any price.

A translation of Gyp's *Ces Bons Normands* is published by Messrs. Rand, McNally and Company, of Chicago, under the title *Those Good Normans*. It is one of the best and sprightliest of

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Gyp's books, with a great deal of keen observation, merry wit, accurate character-doing, and the inevitable spice of naughtiness—just a *soupçon*.

Miss E. Marguerite Lindley's *Health in the Home* is a very sensible and scientific treatment of a number of topics relating to physical training and the preservation of health. The chapter on the early life and training of children is especially to be commended to parents for careful perusal. The Swedish movement and massage are well explained, with practical exercises and a statement of the theories on which they are based. The book, which is fully illustrated, is published by the author, who may be addressed at the Murray Hill Hotel, in this city.

The fourth edition of Mrs. Trask's *Under King Constantine* comes to us from Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph and Company. Mrs. Trask has much facility of expression and a good ear for cadence and melody; but the source of her inspiration is so obviously Tennysonian as to make it difficult to detect anything in her lines that is original with herself.

Mr. Charles Lowe's contributions to our knowledge of Prince Bismarck continue in the shape of a volume lately received by us and entitled *Bismarck's Table Talk*, based upon two recent books in German by Herr von Poschinger. Some of the talk recorded is old and some of it is new, but all of it is eminently readable and informing. The general impression that one gets is always of strength and force, and at times of an unpleasant cynicism, but there are gleams of geniality, too, and of heart. The anecdote of Bismarck and General von Wrangel is rather pleasing, as showing both sides of the old Chancellor's nature. Wrangel during the Danish war had telegraphed to King William a rather ferocious opinion of the diplomatists (meaning Bismarck), who had checked his advance into Jutland; after which Bismarck studiously ignored the General whenever they met. One day, however, at the King's table, Wrangel, who always used the *Du*, turned to Bismarck and said: "My son, canst thou not forget?" "No!" growled Bismarck in his most offensive manner. "Then," said Wrangel after a short pause, "canst thou not forgive?" "With all my heart!" cried Bismarck, his whole manner changing; and the two were fast friends till Wrangel's death. (J. B. Lippincott Company.)

Messrs. Little, Brown and Company continue to issue their delightful subscription edition of Charles Lever's novels in large paper. We have at hand *The O'Donoghue*, which, written in 1845, Lever called "a tale of Ireland fifty years ago;" *St. Patrick's Eve: Tales of the Trains*, being some chapters in railroad romance; *The Knight of Gwynne*, a tale of the times of the union; *Diary and Dates of Horace Templeton, Esq.*, and *The Confessions of Con Cregan*. These are days in which we may go back to such an one as Lever and find in his work an inexhaustible fund of Irish wit and humour that is entertaining and refreshing to a degree found in few of the present-day writers. It was of *Con Cregan* that Andrew Lang said that it was impossible to conceive of any human being, however dull, failing to enjoy the daring and vivacious adventures of this Irish Gil Blas, who was the hero of one of the very best among Lever's novels, and a character not unworthy of Dumas. (Price, $2.50 per volume.)——The same firm has begun the publication of the novels of Captain Marryat in a superb *édition de luxe*, which will be the envy of book collectors. There are to be twenty-four volumes in all, and so far six of these have been published, and the remaining volumes are to appear at the rate of two a month. The novels which have been issued are *Peter Simple* (two volumes); *Frank Mildmay; Newton Forster; Jacob Faithful*, and *The Pacha of Many Tales*. Each volume contains six full-page etchings by eminent artists, and in the first volume of the series there is an etched portrait of Captain Marryat. The edition, which, like the Lever, is also issued by subscription (price, $3.50 per volume), is being produced in conjunction with the Messrs. Dent of London, and is under the care of the well-known, capable editor, Mr. Richard Brimley Johnson. When completed it will present one of the most handsome, definitive sets of Marryat that has ever been published. The edition is limited in America to 750 copies, and the publishers reserve the right to advance the price at any time for any sets remaining unsubscribed.

After a rather long interval the third

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volume of Björnson's novels, which are being edited by Edmund Gosse, has made its appearance. We trust that there will be no delay in producing the remaining novels, as a good translation of Björnson is needed, and the three volumes now published by the Messrs. Macmillan are not only excellently translated, but are well printed and bound. The delay may have been caused to some extent by the untimely death of Mr. Walter Low, who translated *Arne*, and who was expected also to translate several of the succeeding volumes. The *Happy Boy*, which was first printed in English in 1869, has always been a great favourite, and there are versions in over half a dozen different languages. The translation for this edition has been done by Mrs. W. Archer. (Price, $1.25.)——Professor Saintsbury introduces us to "the last and mellowest fruit from Peacock's tree" in *Gryll Grange*, which this genial critic "cannot conceive being otherwise than delightful to any person of knowledge, sense, and taste." This is the fifth story of Thomas Love Peacock's which Professor Saintsbury has resuscitated in Macmillan's Standard Illustrated Novels, and as *Gryll Grange* would appear to close the list of selection, we may quote his summing up for this novelist of the early half of the century. His novels, he says, "have never been imitated save afar off; and even the far-off imitations have not been satisfactory. The English Muse seems to have set at the joining of the old and new ages this one person with the learning and tastes of the ancestors with the irreverent criticism of the moderns to comment on the transition; and, having fashioned him, to have broken the mould." (Price, $1.25.)——*A Roman Singer*, by F. Marion Crawford, is the latest addition to Macmillan's Novelists' Library. (Price, 50 cents.)

Two more volumes of the charming reprint of Galt's charming novels have just been issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers. Mr. S. R. Crockett, in his introduction, warns us, indeed, that *The Provost* has a more restricted view of life than we get in *The Annals*, but claims most justly Mrs. Soorocks as "the precious jewel carried in the head of one of Galt's most neglected books"—*The Last of the Lairds*. The appended notes, and especially the glossary, will be serviceable to readers not familiar with the Scotch dialect.——Two hitherto unpublished essays of Emerson's, which have been unearthed and published by Messrs. Lamson, Wolffe and Company, will be of interest to the student of the "Yankee Plato." That on "The Character of Socrates" was written in his seventeenth year, in 1820, and the one on "The Present State of Ethical Philosophy" during the following year. Even at that early age there is the fresh, unexpected note which later allured some while it repelled others in his writings, and one can discern in these boyish essays how the child was father to the man. To the biographer of Emerson, when he arrives, these two fragments of the inchoate philosopher of New England will afford new material from which some clue may be had to his early development. Edward Everett Hale writes an Introduction, brief but adequate, to the essays. (Price, $1.00.)——Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons send us Fenimore Cooper's *The Spy* in their new popular edition of his novels. It is printed in bold, clear type on good paper; is well bound, with gilt top, and contains a frontispiece illustration. (Price, $1.25.)

THE BOOK MART.

FOR BOOKREADERS, BOOKBUYERS, AND BOOKSELLERS.

EASTERN LETTER.

NEW YORK, May 1, 1896.

Publications for the month were numerous, the greater number being fiction. While these have caused some activity, the reports of dull trade generally prevail.

We are able, however, to report a continued good trade from the libraries throughout the city and country. Text-books also were in demand after the spring vacations, calls for works on botany being especially noticeable, with Nelson's *Herbarium* leading in popularity.

What may be termed seasonable books on such subjects as flowers, birds, and out-door sports have not yet reached the same demand, as was so pronounced last spring. A number of new titles have appeared, including *Spring Notes from Tennessee*, by Bradford Torrey, and *Four-Handed Folk*, by Olive Thorne Miller.

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The annual exodus to Europe has created quite a demand for *Guide Books*, and the new editions of *Baedeker*, *The Satchel Guide*, and *Cassell's Pocket Guide* have sold readily.

The sale of paper-bound books still drags. The leading issues of the month were *An Unsatisfactory Lover*, by the Duchess, and *Chronicles of Martin Hewitt*, by Arthur Morrison.

Cheap handy volume editions of popular books continue to be popular. *Stepping Heavenward*, by Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss, is one of the most recent, while Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company are issuing in attractive styles *An Original Belle*, *A Border Shepherdess*, *Christie Johnstone*, and other standard stories.

A number of memoirs are at present commanding attention. Those of Mary Anderson issued during the month have already sold largely, and those of Barras, completed with the publication of volumes three and four, are also being well received. *The Life and Letters of Oliver Wendell Holmes*, by John T. Morse, announced for early publication, will undoubtedly have a large sale. Advance orders for this work have been heavy.

Works on Eastern countries continued to sell well, *With Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, and *Kokoro* leading in point of sale. Other popular books have been *The Psychic Phenomena and Menticulture*, *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, *A Lady of Quality*, and *The Red Badge of Courage*.

The month's notable publications include *Adam Johnstone's Son*, by F. Marion Crawford; *Tom Grogan*, by F. Hopkinson Smith; *Cinderella and Other Stories*, by Richard Harding Davis; *Stephen*, by Florence Morse Kingsley; also new books by Mark Twain, Mary E. Wilkins, and Robert W. Chambers.

The books which led in sales during the month were as follows:

Cinderella. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.

Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

Tom Grogan. By F. Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

Stephen. By Florence Morse Kingsley. $1 25.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 75 cts.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1 25.

The Copsford Mystery. By W. Clark Russell. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, 1.25.

Her Senator. By Archibald Clavering Gunter. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

An Unsatisfactory Lover. By the Duchess. Paper, 50 cts.; cloth, $1.00.

Marie Corelli's Works.

WESTERN LETTER.

CHICAGO, May 1, 1896.

While the condition of business remains much as it was when we made our last report, there appear signs of increasing activity. April trade was, as a whole, fair. The continuation of Easter business was somewhat light, and it would seem that the purveyors of Easter goods anticipated this condition of things, for their efforts were light also, and very few new books belonging to this class appeared. By far the most noticeable feature of the month was the active interest shown in the publication of new books, nearly all of which have had excellent sales, particularly those published during the month itself. Mrs. Burnett's *A Lady of Quality* sold nearly as well as it did in March, while many of the older favourites, such as *The House Boat on the Styx*, *Comedies of Courtship*, *Menticulture*, *Law of Psychic Phenomena*, *The Red Badge of Courage*, *A Singular Life*, did even better and went ahead of last month's record.

The output for April has been an excellent one. Fiction led, of course, with such books as F. Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan*, Marion Crawford's *Adam Johnstone's Son*, R. H. Davis's *Cinderella*, closely followed by Harold Frederic's *The Damnation of Theron Ware*, Gilbert Parker's *Seats of the Mighty*, and *Stephen*, by Florence Morse Kingsley. In other classes *The Memoirs of Barras*, Vols. III. and IV., Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, White's *History of the Warfare of Science with Theology*, Curtis's *Venezuela* were the most prominent.

While in a sense we sympathise heartily with the sentiments expressed by the anonymous author of *The Wail of a Reader* in the May BOOKMAN, yet as a business man we should hardly care to see her suggestion of bottling up our authors for awhile adopted. A new book by a popular author is gladly welcomed by the bookseller at all times, and is almost a blessing when times are quiet. Indeed, had it not been for the new books, the early spring trade of 1896 would have been very dull indeed.

Miss Phelps's *A Singular Life* still keeps up its remarkable sale, and bids fair to become nearly as famous as her *Gates Ajar*.

Electricity is a science that nearly everybody is interested in, and the demand for non-technical manuals, written for the ordinary reader, continues good all the time. Perhaps the best selling little book in this line at present is Atkinson's *Electricity for Everybody*, which is having quite a vogue for a work of its class.

The small, cheap sixteenmo style of books continues to be as fashionable as ever, and many publishers are issuing some of their best selling titles in this shape. There is certainly plenty of variety in these popular lines, for among the latest additions we notice so popular a juvenile as *Beautiful Joe* and so old a favourite as *Stepping Heavenward*.

The cycling season is now upon us, and the demand for books upon this popular pastime is increasing. As yet the literature of the wheel does not amount to much in regard to quantity, but the field is large, and this year should see many additions to it. There is certainly room for some real good route maps for tourists, which should also contain plenty of reliable information about places which every cyclist wants to know. Above all things, cycling literature should be cheap and handy, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. seem to have comprehended this when they put their *Cycling for Health and Pleasure* into a cheap form.

Interest in Hypnotism and Mental Science, which has been so marked of late, shows no signs of waning, and Hudson's *Law of Psychic Phe-*

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nomena is still selling largely all over the country. The new edition of Hart's *Hypnotism* is also going well.

Perhaps the most attractive book, in regard to outside appearance, published this spring is Hopkinson Smith's *Tom Grogan*, which, however, although it set a new style, so to speak, loses none of the characteristics of the Riverside Press.

The following is a list of the books which sold best last month :

Tom Grogan. By F Hopkinson Smith. $1.50.

A Lady of Quality. By Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett. $1.50.

Cinderella and Other Stories. By Richard Harding Davis. $1.00.

Adam Johnstone's Son. By F. Marion Crawford. $1.50.

The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. $1.25.

Menticulture ; or, the A B C of True Living. By Horace Fletcher. $1.00.

A House Boat on the Styx. By John Kendrick Bangs. $1.25.

The House. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

A Singular Life. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. $1.25.

The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Eugene Field. $1.25.

Law of Psychic Phenomena. By Thomson Jay Hudson. $1.50.

A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology. By Andrew D. White. 2 vols., $5.00.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. $1.00.

Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 12mo, $1.25, and 16mo, 25 cts.

Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. $1.50.

ENGLISH LETTER.

LONDON, March 23 to April 18, 1896.

The result of two closed days in a month is obviously to make business somewhat quiet, and such as been the case this year. With this reservation, trade has been on the whole satisfactory, as compared with the corresponding period in other years. So much for the home trade. Colonial and foreign orders have been coming in at the usual rate, and have been fairly heavy.

It is curious to note now Dame Fashion rules even in book production. Just now the rage is for long, narrow, rough-edged, paper-covered volumes, each series styling itself a "library." The "Pseudonym Library" set the fashion in this instance. What will be the next style ?

Seventeenth and eighteenth century classics are receiving considerable attention. There are several new editions of such works as Walton's *Angler* and Boswell's *Johnson*, and they are selling very well.

Murray's, Baedeker's, Black's, and Baddeley's *Guide Books* are now being enquired for, as well as the lesser handbooks and county companions.

Several works on South Africa, from various points of view, have been issued. There is not the run upon them that might have been expected. The popular book has not yet appeared.

The unabated favour with which the 6s. novel is received is remarkable, and so is the fact that many of these publications would probably have appeared at 1s. in paper covers, if they had been issued a few years since, when the latter form was popular. The favourite author is Marie Corelli. *A Mighty Atom* has sold by tens of thousands.

Among magazines, the most prominent feature is the large sale of the *New Review* since the commencement of a series of articles on South Africa. The announcement of the programme of the May issue has already led to a heavy booking of orders. The fortnightly issue of the *Navy and Army* shows no decrease, a state of affairs which many expected, considering how the subject is now to the fore. Much interest is also being shown in all publications relating to the two services.

The 3s. 6d. issue of Mrs. Craik's novels, of which *A Noble Life* is the latest, has been very well timed, judging from the sales.

Translations of Continental literature are still mainly undertaken by ladies, a fact to which attention has already been directed. An exception, however, is found in German and other theological literature, which still falls to the lot of the sterner sex.

In the subjoined list of works the preponderance of novels is again apparent. A large number of religious books are selling freely, but they are for the most part small publications, and are consequentiy not included below.

The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.

A Lady of Quality. By Frances H. Burnett. 6s.

Cleg Kelly. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.

The Heart of the World. By H. R. Haggard. 6s.

Illumination. By H. Frederic. 6s.

The Sowers. By H. S. Merriman. 6s.

The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.

Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. 6s.

Ia. By Q. 3s. 6d.

A Man and a Woman. By Stanley Waterloo. 3s 6d. net.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.

The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. and 3s. net.

The Heart of a Continent. By F. E. Younghusband. 21s.

Sporting Memoirs of Sir C. C. de Crespigny. 16s.

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By Slatin Pasha. 21s. net.

Life of Franklin. By H. D. Traill. 16s.

For His Sake. By Elsie Marshall. 2s.

The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.

Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s.

A Mighty Atom. By Marie Corelli. 3s. 6d.

Joseph Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.

Art of Reading and Speaking. By J. Fleming. 3s. 6d.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand, as sold between April 1 and May 1, 1896.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

NEW YORK, UPTOWN.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

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2. A Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
5. A Mighty Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. The Upper Room. By Maclaren. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
3. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
4. Red Republic. By Chambers. $1.25. (Putnam.)
5. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
6. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. Mrs. Romney. By Carey. Paper, 50 cts. (Lippincott.)
3. The Wrong Man. By Gerard. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)
4. The Mighty Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
5. The Upper Room. By Maclaren. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Whist of To-day. By Work. $1.00. (Dieka.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. A Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
6. Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)

BOSTON, MASS.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. A Singular Life. By Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
3. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
4. Aeronautical Annual. By Means. Net, $1.00. (Clarke.)
5. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
6. Adam Johnston's Sons. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. A Fool of Nature. By Hawthorne. $1.25. (Scribner.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. A Clever Wife. By Ridge. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The House. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
6. Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Menticulture. By Fletcher. $1.00. (McClurg.)
5. Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Maclaren. $1.25. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
6. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)

CINCINNATI, O.

1. Etidorhpa; or the End of Earth. By Lloyd. $2.00. (Clarke.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps-Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)

CLEVELAND, O.

1. The Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
2. A Woman Intervenes. By Barr. $1.25. (Stokes.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
4. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
5. Amos Judd. By Mitchell. 75 cts. (Scribner.)
6. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)

DENVER, COL.

1. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
2. Comedies of Courtship. By Hope. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. The House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
4. Bicyclers and Others. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. The Mighty Atom. By Corelli. $1.25. (Lippincott.)
6. The Upper Room. By Maclaren. 50 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

HARTFORD, CONN.

1. Adam Johnstone's Son. By Crawford. $1.50. (Macmillan.)
2. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
3. Cinderella. By Davis. $1.00. (Scribner.)
4. The Seats of the Mighty. By Parker. $1.50. (Appleton.)
5. Trumpeter Fred. By King. 75 cts. (Neely.)
6. The Dancer in Yellow. By Norris. Paper, 50 cts. (Appleton.)

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INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
3. Brigadier Gerard. By Doyle. $1.50. (Appleton.)
4. House Boat on the Styx. By Bangs. $1.25. (Harper.)
5. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)
6. The Sorrows of Satan. By Corelli. $1.50. (Lippincott.)

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Tom Grogan. By Smith. $1.50. (Houghton.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. Cheap cloth ed., 25 cts. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
3. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner)
4. A Singular Life. By Mrs. Phelps Ward. $1.25. (Houghton.)
5. Red Badge of Courage. By Crane. $1.00. (Appleton.)
6. Cleg Kelly. By Crockett. $1.50. (Appleton.)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. A Lady of Quality. By Burnett. $1.50. (Scribner.)
2. The House. By Field. $1.25. (Scribner.)
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